

OCTOBER 1987

A U S T R A L I A N

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\$4.50*

PLAYBOY

**BON
JOVI
ON
TOUR**

SALUTE TO 007

**BOND'S NEW BELLE,
MARYAM D'ABO**

**PLAYBOY INTERVIEW
DICK SMITH**

**WHO STUFFED
AUSSIE SOCCER?**

**DID THE CIA PLAN
FIJI'S COUP?**

**THE
CONDOM
COMES INTO
ITS OWN**

**GINA:
QLD'S
SEXY
NURSE**



THE NEW JAMES BOND... LIVING ON THE EDGE

ALBERT R. BROCCOLI
presents

TIMOTHY DALTON

as IAN FLEMING'S

JAMES BOND 007™

**THE LIVING
DAYLIGHTS**

PG



STARRING MARYAM D'ABO, JOE DON BAKER, ART MALIK AND JEROEN KRABBE
PRODUCTION DESIGNER PETER LAMONT, MUSIC BY JOHN BARRY, ASSOCIATE PRODUCERS TOM PEVSNER AND BARBARA BROCCOLI
PRODUCED BY ALBERT R. BROCCOLI AND MICHAEL G. WILSON, DIRECTED BY JOHN GLEN, SCREENPLAY BY RICHARD MAIBAUM AND MICHAEL G. WILSON
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PLAYBILL



Our October issue celebrates the 25th anniversary of the cinematic debut of everyone's favorite spy, James Bond. *Salute To James Bond* is a round-up of a quarter-century of Bondage and includes scenes from such 007 classics as *Goldfinger*, *From Russia With Love*, *Diamonds Are Forever* and *Dr. No*. A pictorial by **Steve Wayda** of Maryam d'Abo, the beauty who graces the latest Bond film *The Living Daylights*, completes our tribute to 007. Oh, and that's the delicious d'Abo on our cover.

While on the subject of the Spy Who Loved Me ... and Me ... and Me, trivia buffs may just like to know that James Bond has bedded 42 women in his 15 films. Leading the count is Sean Connery with 21, then Roger Moore with 18 and George Lazenby with 3. The new Bond, dashing Timothy Dalton, may have some problems keeping up with his predecessors in this new age of cinematic fidelity! And that leads us to wonder if even 007 keeps a condom handy in the glove-box of his Aston Martin. Certainly the humble franger is fast emerging as the hottest new act in town, and Australia is one of the world's leading producers of rubbers. Check out **Tony Maguire's** *The Condom Comes Into Its Own*, with artwork by **Nigel Buchanan** and **Sandra Hendler**.

Could the Americans have been behind the military coup that toppled the Fijian government? Were those soldiers who stormed parliament in balaclavas really black American marines acting under orders from the US Government? Read *Strangers In Paradise*, an intriguing report by news journalists **Max Watts** and **Mark Lillyman** which throws new and disturbing light on the Fiji situation. Artist **Bill Leak** did the illustration.

Another story which poses some tough questions is *The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight*. It's a thought-provoking report by a former Australian soccer club director which reveals who kicked the stuffing out of the round-ball game. Thanks to **Geoff Cook** for some hard-hitting artwork. Also on a sporting theme we have **Anthony O'Grady's** *Rough Days At The Office*. O'Grady tailed after struggling Aussie golf pro Robert Stephens and discovered that high frustration and low earnings are all that's there at the end of the day for many of our golfers. **Stuart Billington** provided the illustration.

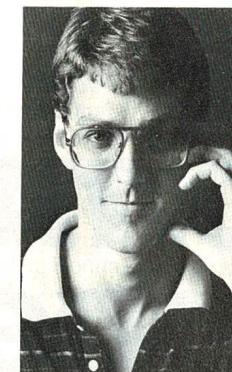
One Australian who's never been associated with failure is the irrepressible Dick Smith. We sent **Tony Love** to interview The Electronic Dick on topics ranging from conservation and cigarette advertising to politics and what it takes to be Australian Of The Year. **John Knight** snapped Smith in his unique "bush office".

Meanwhile, photographer **Daniel Nolan** was set the rather more enviable task of shooting our lovely Playmate Of The Month, Gina Williams. One peep at this delectable Rockhampton nurse will be enough to make you want to play doctors. Can slippery rock give love a bad name? The answer lies in **Timothy White's** *The Importance Of Being Bon Jovi*. It's a romp of a story thick with celebrity sex and heavy-metal testosterone. Thanks to artist **Kinuko Craft** for the portrait of Jon Bon Jovi.

Jon Bon Jovi may have plenty of loutishly unkempt hair but not all of us can boast such a mane. In *Hair Apparent*, **Nance Mitchell** combs through the facts and fallacies about our follicles and presents loads of information about how to care for hair.

Rob Luck's *Future Ute* profiles an amazing utility truck, a Ford Falcon pick-up that's ready to take on the next millennium. **Andrew Gartside** provided the photography. Then there's **Vitek's** *Night And Day* fashion spread full of good-looking gear.

Only after you've gone through all of that, read our Dear Playboy letters, laughed over Party Jokes, After Hours and all those cartoons, plus shared an intimate moment with the six ladies on our Dear Girls Of Playboy page, are you allowed to put away your October issue of *Australian Playboy*. See you next issue.



MAGUIRE



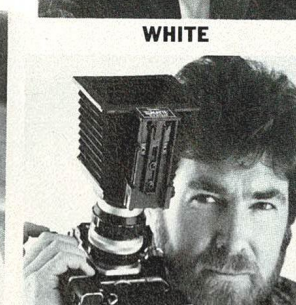
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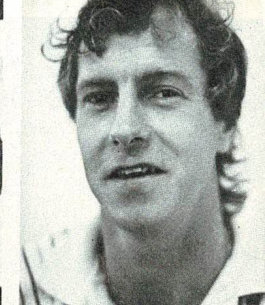
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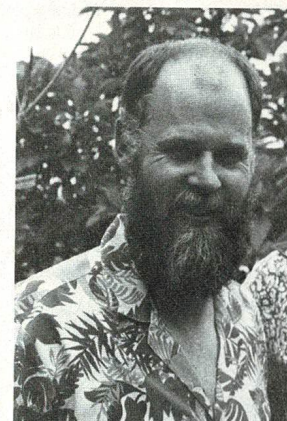
BILLINGTON



WAYDA



O'GRADY



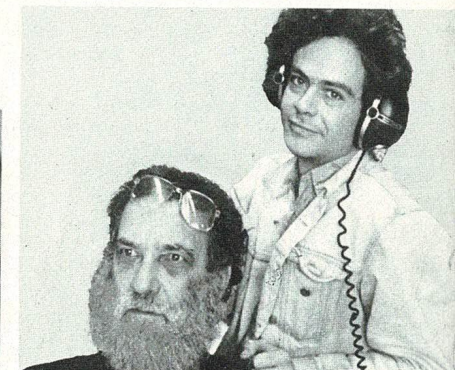
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October 1987. Cover: Maryam d'Abo
 Photographed by Steve Wayda.

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ALSO AVAILABLE
IN VIRGINIA AND MENTHOL

THE BIGGEST 30'S BEAT THAT!



DEAR PLAYBOY

Address your letters to
Dear Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010.



JUST A SNIP

Queensland readers may be relieved to know that the vasectomy situation in this state is not quite as bad as portrayed in your *Hitting The Sac* article in June *Australian Playboy*.

There is no law specifically stating that vasectomy is illegal. The relevant statute is extremely vague and experts have been debating what it means for decades, without coming to any conclusions.

For at least 17 years I believe the operation has been available here openly, and I am not aware that patients are referred across the border to Tweed Heads. Commonwealth Health Department rebate figures show that more than 80,000 vasectomies have been done in Queensland since 1970.

This per capita rate is higher than in any other state and *double* the rate of the supposedly liberal-thinking states of NSW and Victoria. Indeed, I believe the vasectomy rate in Queensland is one of the highest in the world — an interesting paradox in view of its reputed illegality.

Trevor Sauer,
Aspley, Qld.

I read Bob Cussons's article on vasectomies in your June issue. All that bruising and pain sure turned me off. I thought Cussons must be a real hero so I spoke to my brother-in-law, another veteran of the knife.

He just laughed and said there's nothing to it. And he's got the scar to prove it. Wearing little more than a local and a hot flush of embarrassment, he even assisted the surgical team as they snipped the sac. The job was done in minutes and he went back to work. He felt uncomfortable for a couple of days and laid low at night until his sperm count was cleared.

Now he works overtime shooting blanks in his wife and she can't get enough. After years of chemicals and cautious sex, she's making up for lost time, but he's not complaining. He just grins and bears it like a man.

Could it be that men like these are the nation's new unsung heroes, enduring pain and suffering for the girls back home?

R.W.,
Geelong, Vic.

ALL ABOUT ELLEN

When I first read in the press that *Playboy* had done a pictorial on a physically disabled woman, I thought, boy, what a tacky thing to do. Then my subscription copy of the August issue turned up and I read the article accompanying Ellen Stohl's

photographs and her original letter.

I've had to revise my opinion. She's a very spunky person and I admire her for having the guts to do the pictorial and to speak out about the sexuality of disabled people.

Adam H.,
Tempe, NSW.

Ellen Stohl skis, rides a bike and a horse, studies martial arts, drives a car, and who knows what else. That's more than I can do, and I have full use of both my legs. You're a brave and beautiful woman, Ellen, and good on you for having the courage to do a *Playboy* pictorial.

Full marks to the magazine, too, for backing you all the way.

Sally-Anne P.,
West Ryde, NSW.

Ellen Stohl is a very attractive woman but surely you're just exploiting her by using her in *Playboy*. Aren't there enough physically able women around without resorting to the gimmickry of a cripple? Not such a nice one, *Australian Playboy*.

Werner K.,
Ringwood, Vic.

The words that came with Ellen Stohl's pictorial provided a real insight into the often taboo subject of sexuality for disabled persons. I'd love to hear her speaking in public on the topic. For now, however, please feature her on the Dear Playboy page.

H. McL.,
Fairlight, NSW.

Many thanks to the hundreds of readers who wrote in about Ellen. There were very few who found the pictorial offensive and who failed to understand the motives behind Ellen's statement. Here's another tiny tribute to this brave young woman — Ed.



ACTION PACKED

Many thanks for the articles on stadium motocross and cross-country skiing in the June issue. I reckon all your articles are first-rate but it's especially good when you feature motoring stories (apart from road tests) and Australian adventure tales set in unusual places.

The issue was really capped off by *Spider Woman*, that daring pictorial of an equally daring young woman. If that's the sort of scenery on offer to rock climbers, I'm going off to start lessons right now! But will they mind if I keep my boots on?

William P.,
Strathpine, Qld.

DESIRABILITY

I was delighted to see that Felicity Collins won the 1987 Playmate Of The Year quest. I certainly voted for her, although I notice from the list of prizes in your June issue, I wasn't one of them!

Even though I didn't win the Dream Date contest, I enjoyed entering and hope you'll be having a similar reader poll in 1988. In case I get run over by the proverbial truck before then, please register my vote for the deliciously desirable Miss August, Desiree Brown.

Craig L.,
Manly, NSW.

Please stay away from trucks, Craig, until our January issue, at least. We will be featuring another reader poll and contest, but don't forget there are two more Playmates to be unveiled this year, not to mention this month's offering, Rockhampton's gorgeous Gina Williams — Ed.

GREAT SHAPE

I loved the artwork by Frants Kantor accompanying your diet article, *The Attack Of The Killer-foules*, in August. That little fat figure, looking a bit like a potato with stumpy arms and legs, made me decide to hop on the scales.

Oh, hell, I've now been sticking to your diet suggestions and going easy on the liquid lunches. Hopefully I'll look less like a potato and more like a, shit I don't know, zucchini, come summer!

Paul O'C.,
Turner, ACT.

A zucchini with muscles and a suntan, we hope — Ed.

Write to us! Send your letters to the above address, and remember, we'll give preference to letters that keep it short and snappy. We'll give a 12 month subscription for each Dear Playboy letter we publish.

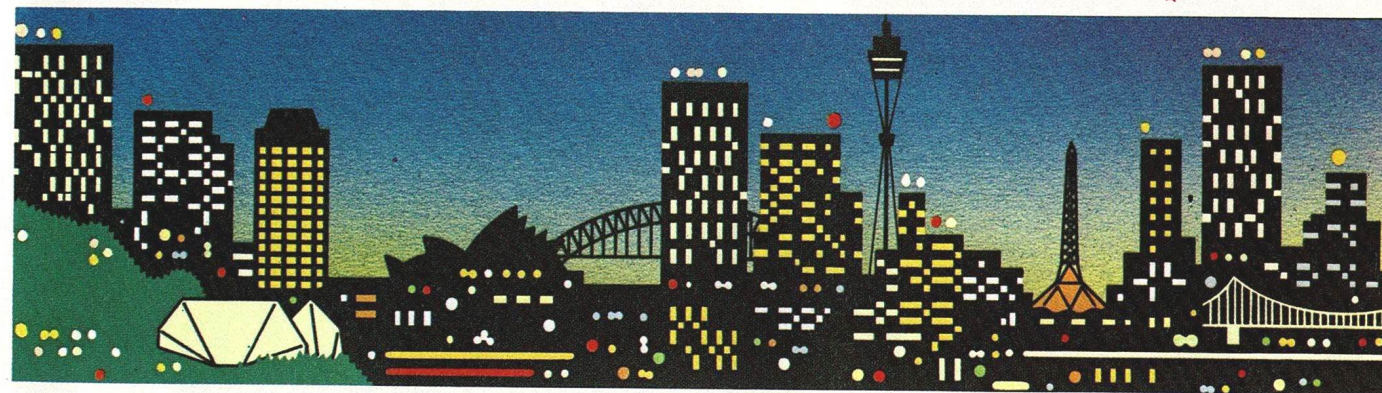


PHOTOGRAPHER: GREG HARD

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Available at the best retailers.



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



NEVER MIND THE WEIGHT, FEEL THE WIDTH

The *Yorkshire Advertiser* recorded the following item recently in its diary of social events. Apparently a Miss Jennifer Year told an intrepid reporter: "I am not a professional stripper, but my 48-inch bust does attract interest, so when Mr Humphrey Warner, landlord of the Good Companions Hotel, asked me to dance topless for his Old Age Pensioners' Holiday Box my answer was yes.

"What Humphrey failed to tell me was that several of the OAPs would be present and, for an extra 50p, anyone could enter a guess-the-weight-of-the-whoppers contest. In the event, Humphrey produced the hotel's kitchen scales and, after stripping off, I began to dance on the bar.

"Minutes later, Mr Harry Dealer, an 84-year-old pensioner, and his younger brother, Joe, both collapsed from over-excitement. By the time they came round the scales had shown 41bs3oz. But the Dealers demanded both a second opinion and an action replay. So we let them have the latter. Everyone had a good evening, and we raised £22.78 for the Box."

The *Advertiser* does not mention how much they got for the whoppers.

HOSPITALITY INDUSTRY NEWS

A hotel in Yugoslavia sports a notice to guests which states boldly:

"The flattening of underwear with pleasure is the job of the chambermaid. Turn to her straightaway."

That's all very well, but is there anyone on the premises who can do the ironing?

NO SHIT!

A physiotherapist from Pukekohe, New Zealand, Dr Malcolm Hood, feels that people would be better off if they gave up conventional toilet facilities and went back to a hole in the ground, so that they would get to squat at least once day.

"If we didn't have toilet seats," he declared, "at least once a day, for most of us, we would be forced to put our hips through the full range of movements. Unfortunately, I don't think people are going to follow my advice, so I recommend everybody should

do hula movements and hanging exercises."

Pardon us, but we feel that this will lead to excrement flying all over the place. For the moment we'll stick to toilet seats or holes in the ground and leave hula dancing for those with a better aim than us.

MORE SHIT THAN WE CAN COPE WITH

During a recent interview, Councillor Ismaila Amadu of Nima, near Accra, Ghana, said: "There have been numerous regular complaints about the heat present in the lavatory just outside the Islamic Truth Centre.

"Shortly after the lavatory was opened at 5 am last Wednesday, a large queue of users formed, and by 7.45 am the temperature inside rose to 102 deg. A few minutes later there was a tremendous explosion and a column of excrement 30 feet high rose through the air, drenching those who were waiting for their buses at the Merryway Terminal.

"Some say that the height of the column has been exaggerated by right-wing politicians, but Mr Mohammed Hassan, who was servicing the loudspeakers on the ITC's minaret, had his tool-kit splashed."

Maybe, but after Ian Sinclair's con-

clusions on the Cobby trial, we feel sure it could be attributed to Labor Party policies.

FIRST AIDS

The director of the Chicago AIDS Clinic And Information Hotline reports a phone call from a worried motorist who had run over a pedestrian he believed to be gay. The motorist wanted to know how to decontaminate his car, which had the man's blood on it.

Now there's a guy who has his priorities right. A couple of years on, he could have been driving that car with all its immune systems shot and suddenly it could develop trouble with its big end and no one would have known why. And all from an unprovoked assault from a careless poofter.

AIR SAFETY REGULATIONS

We are reliably informed that on a Qantas flight earlier this year a passenger stripped and ran around the aircraft until he was restrained. In another incident a passenger on a flight to London from Bahrain poked a crew member in the eye, punched a second and struck a third in the face.

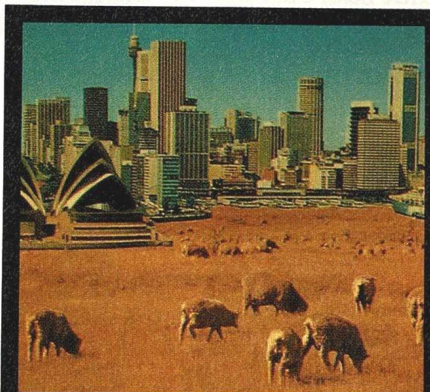
There is no truth in the rumor that the crew had refused a perfectly reasonable request that they fly to Cuba. It was probably a simple reaction to the quality of the coffee.

Meanwhile an official of the Australian International Cabin Crew Association has recommended that handcuffs and tranquilisers should be used to subdue unruly airline passengers (we are not making this up). How about garrotting for people who smoke in the loos?

PHONEY TALK

Stuck at the lights in Sydney's William Street in the rush hour the other morning we observed the self-important yuppie in the flash Alfa in front talking ostentatiously into his car telephone.

"Clinching a deal before 9am?" we conjectured. Then we noticed the beat-up old panel-van stopped alongside him. It was driven by a young man in overalls who was talking, oh so earnestly, into an old tennis shoe!

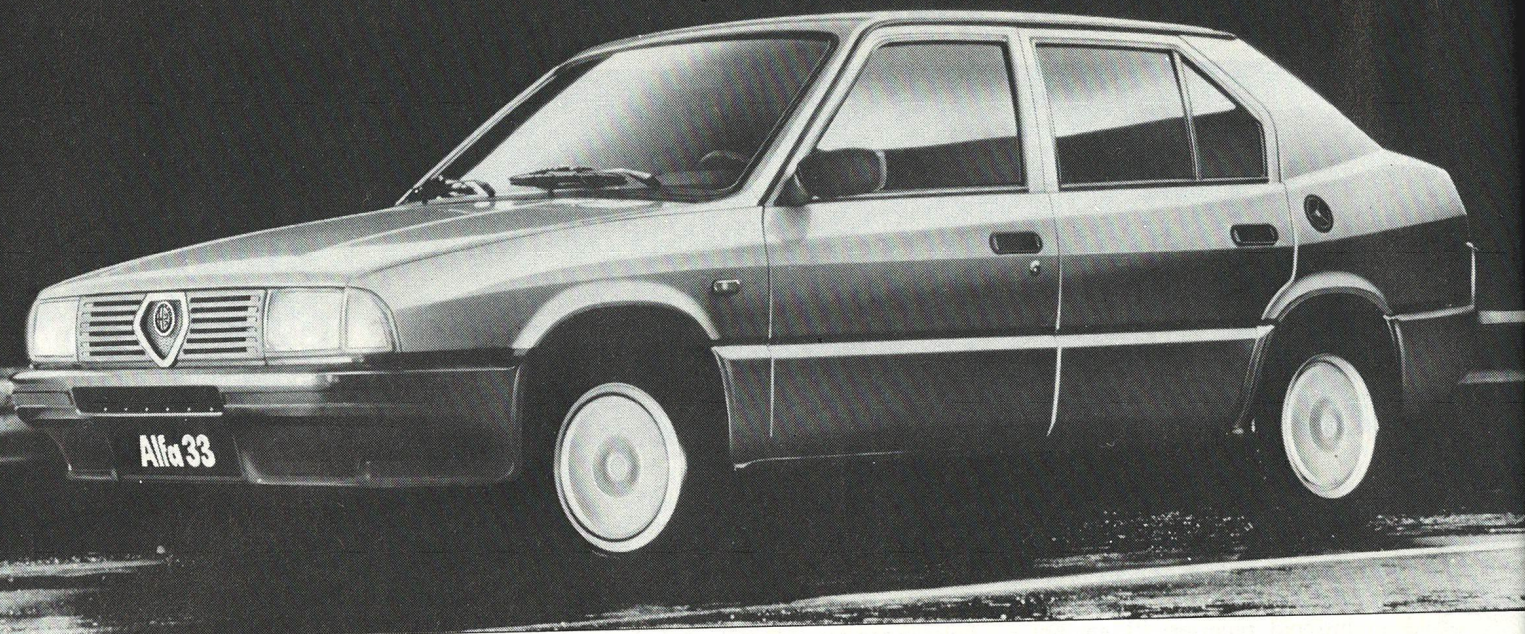


HISTORIC AUSTRALIAN MOMENTS

Those pesky New Zealanders are getting in everywhere. As if Bondi Beach wasn't enough, they've now spread toward the inner harbor.

PS: This picture is a fake, perpetrated by staffer David Arthur-Simons.





An Alfa has always been a decision of the heart. At under \$21,000 this new breed Alfa is also a decision of the head.

Ah, the Alfa Romeo badge. It is the symbol of pure driving pleasure. An affair of the heart.

But some people have felt Alfas are not practical. Not rational. Not *sensible*.

They let their head overrule their heart.

How times have changed. Because now, all those reasons — those *excuses* — you gave yourself for not buying an Alfa have become not only unconvincing, but untrue.

A price to make Japan blush.

For many people the joy of buying a new automobile has disappeared. The dismal international performance of the Australian dollar has made many cars simply unaffordable.

Except for Alfa Romeos.

Yes, the Dollar is losing ground to the Lira. But not as fast as other currencies.

Which is why an Alfa 33 now costs less than any car imported from Germany, England, France or Sweden.

And the situation has had a disastrous effect on that sacred cow of value-for-money motoring, the Japanese car. The Alfa 33 Boxer now costs less than around 30 Japanese models. And is half the price of some Mazdas and Hondas.

So if price has ever been your objection to owning an Alfa, forget it.

The driving pleasure you expect.

Performance, handling and braking have made Alfa Romeo

legendary over the past 75 years. In those departments nothing has changed.

The 1.5L horizontally opposed Boxer engine, through its 5 speed gearbox, delivers the power, torque and acceleration that most other cars can only achieve by either turbo-charging or increasing

the engine size.

The McPherson strut independent suspension, front-wheel drive and rack and pinion steering combine to provide the sort of traction and road-feel that let you fully enjoy the engineering genius that has gone into the Boxer engine.

After all, what's the point of all that power if you can't take full advantage of it. And of course, Alfa Romeo's

famous servo-assisted front disc dual braking system is something you take for granted.

Rather more *unexpected* in this Alfa are some rather untypical features.

Unexpected practicality.
5 doors. A real boot.
6 year anti-corrosion warranty.
High resale value.

Not everyone who'd like to own an Alfa is single and travels with little more than a

81%
RETAINED
VALUE

Comfort and commonsense as standard equipment.

One persistent perception of Alfas (obviously not based on fact) is that in our uncompromising pursuit of driver excitement our cars tend to be a little on the basic side.

If front electric windows are basic, then we must own up.



The 5-door hatchback 2/3, 1/3 split rear seat configuration.

again. And again and again.

Not to mention a front spoiler, wheel housings and boot shape all designed to reduce the drag co-efficient.

Combine all that with the engine of whose efficiency we have already boasted, and you'll find fuel efficiency is very basic indeed.

In fact, one would be hard-pressed to find a better-equipped, better thought-out car

hurriedly packed tooth-brush.

If you're not and you don't, don't worry. You'll find the Boxer 33 as practical as it is pleasurable.

All Alfas are now protected by a 12 month unlimited kilometre warranty.

And a massive six year guarantee against corrosion.

Which is twice as long as all Japanese warranties.

Finally there is re-sale value. This is where the Alfa 33 Boxer delivers one of its greatest surprises. In a recent Financial Review Survey (November 1986), Alfa Romeo was in an elite group in the lofty company of Porsche and Mercedes.

Many cars you might have expected to return better resale values than Alfa Romeo were placed significantly behind us.

If ergonomically designed seats designed to provide comfort as well as support are basic, then blow the whistle.

If rear window defrost, interior controlled exterior mirrors, adjustable steering binnacle and an AM/FM radio cassette as standard are basic, then you've got us

at any price.

All of this creates somewhat of an irony for the Alfa 33 Boxer. Because in addition to typical Alfa Romeo adjectives like exciting, exotic and exhilarating, we can now add one very un-Alfa-like adjective for the Boxer 33.

Practical.

*All features mentioned are standard within the recommended selling price. Registration, stamp duty and delivery charges are extra. Recommended selling price as at March 1987.



The Style. The Power. The Legend.

BOOZE

It's no use being snotty-nosed about wine coolers. They look like they're here to stay.

Although wine coolers haven't quite taken this country by storm as they did the United States, they are gaining an increasing share of the young consumer market. They are also gaining a considerable share of the pensioner consumer market — the taste for lollies being something both ends of the age spectrum have in common.

Mind you, while pensioners do buy the stuff, they are more cost conscious than the young and get a bit crooked on the fact they have to pay more for a cask of half booze than they do for a cask of full strength (cooler casks are generally around four percent alcohol on a volume basis while normal wine casks usually stand at nine to ten percent). Recently I overheard a conversation between a group of the outraged old in a pub, one of whom was apparently in the habit of keeping a cask of Wild Peach constantly on tap in her kitchen. She was totally furious that she was forced to pay \$8 and over for a cask of cooler whereas wine casks were usually to be had (admittedly on special) for around the \$6 mark. However, she added she just wasn't up to the full strength stuff these days.

Coolers appear in every size container from cans upwards, including that now withdrawn square cardboard pack complete with straw which caused such an uproar about a year ago because "the kiddies would mistake it for a soft drink".

I've never had much time for all that false moral outrage. For years companies have been putting booze combinations in cans that could just as easily be mistaken by the kiddies for a nice, refreshing soft drink (the vodka and lime can is a fairly good example). I've never heard any screams from outraged mums about their precious offspring staggering blindly backwards from the fridge because they made a visual mistake after coming home from school. Mind you, after tasting the contents of several of these cans, I would find it fairly hard to take a second swig. And I imagine it would be damned near impossible for a 10-year-old. Something very odd seems to go on inside those cans while they are in storage.

Anyway, back to coolers.

While they are not exactly my favorite tippie they do have their place in this country, especially as we are now coming into the hotter part of the year. They are light, easy to quaff, and for middle-of-the-day drinking they don't knock you around the way a standard wine will.

When all is said and done, they are merely an extension of that breaking-down process used on wine for centuries by the French,

who cut reds over ice and break white wines down with either soda or mineral water. True, using this method of cutting wine, one finishes up with a dry product while the coolers are all sweet but it really doesn't matter all that much. And starting young drinkers out on sweet wines has been a standard marketing device of the wine industry for many years.

The industry first cottoned on to the fact of sweet and young with Barossa Pearl, which in turn spawned a whole number of pearl wines and led to things such as Cold Duck and the sparkling star wines. And pretentious wine imbibers might care to remember that the rather over-sweet sparkling burgundy was once a prestige wine on so-called upper class dining tables.

Amusingly enough, sparkling burgundy, after years of derision and scorn, is making a fighting comeback and threatens to once again become trendy in certain circles. And then there's sweet champagne and spumante which an awful lot of "sophisticated" drinkers prefer to the very dry products (if they didn't, the wine companies wouldn't bother to bottle the bloody stuff).

In other words there is no point in being snotty-nosed about wine coolers. They are going to be around for a good few years, or at least until they are pushed out by the arrival of yet another instant wine trend.

If I were being wine pretentious, I could say they possess a certain gay, innocent charm that blends in well with our carefree summer attitudes. But as that is a load of rubbish, I won't say it.

And there are a helluva lot of them around. I checked out one liquor outlet to find that it offered 27 coolers in various packs and tastes.

Although the original coolers were invariably based on citrus flavors when they were first introduced, the range has broadened.

The citrus coolers are still the most favored (and to my mind they taste the best), but to some extent they are being challenged by the combination coolers. The Stanley Wine Company's orange and

mango and a second combination of passion and pine are good examples of this. To me they taste like a slightly watered-down tropical fruit juice, but of course the "watering" is alcohol.

Of all the citrus casks, I prefer Berri and as a general cooler cask my money goes to Coolabah. However at the time of writing the flavor of the moment is Wild Peach and it is not half bad.

Out of the cask, and into the bottle and can division, the flavors are much the same with one oddity, the Stone's Green Ginger cooler. The Stone's offering is no better or worse than any of the others but it gave me a mental block because I've always drunk that company's Green Ginger Wine for winter warmth. However, some people must like it as I have been told it sells well.

Now although these coolers are meant to be taken as they are, they are also useful in a couple of other regards. Any one of the casks can be emptied into a bowl that contains a block of ice, fancied up with a few slices of orange or lemon or, in the case of Wild Peach or mango, with those fruits decorated with a few sprigs of mint and served as an instant summer cup. Pleasant and much less intoxicating than the old bottle of gin, bottle of brandy, bottle of rum, sugar, soda water routine.

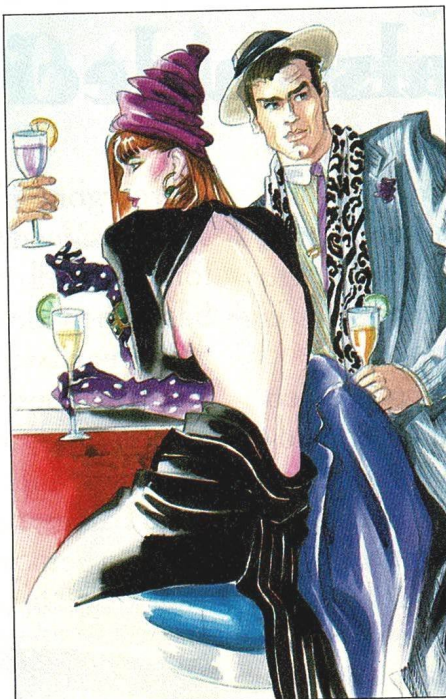
And of course dead easy and quite cheap.

A small amount of any one of them can also be used as the liquid for a fresh fruit salad. Outside of that, coolers have no culinary uses, although no doubt some bright wine company public relations officer will one day come up with a recipe for cooler pork chops.

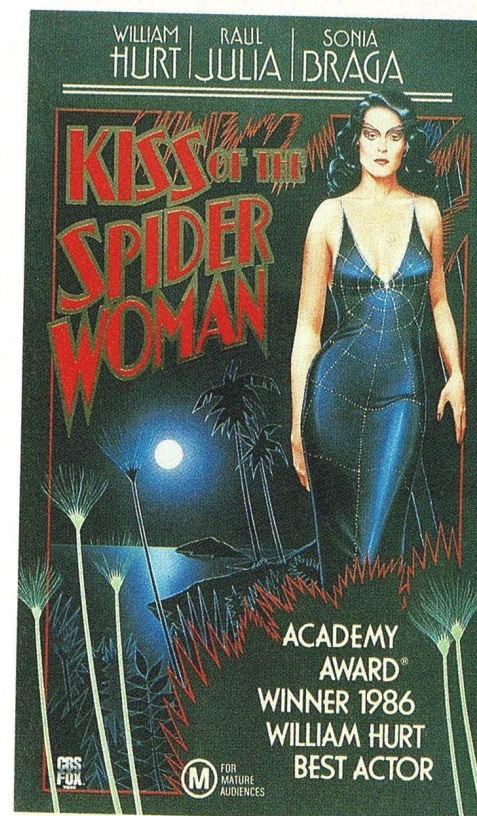
As to when to serve them, they are quite obviously at home at a barbecue and for lazing away a spring or summer afternoon. They are also quite useful as a pre-dinner thirst quencher before an informal summer evening meal.

Anyway the next time some pretentious wine snob makes some idiot comment about coolers, throw a glass or so over him. That will shut him up.

— RICHARD BECKETT



William Hurt gave up a salary of \$2 million to make a movie he believed in. And you're trying to save \$100 on a video recorder?



William Hurt believed so much in the "Kiss Of The Spider Woman" that he did it for nothing.

As a major box office star, he could have asked for millions.

Instead, Hurt gambled on a share of the box office, and on his faith in his own performance.

The gamble paid off. The "Kiss Of The Spider Woman" is a smash hit. Its won critical acclaim all over the world for its sensitivity, its acting, its screenplay and its direction.

Hurt himself has won the three top "best actor" awards for his powerful portrayal of Molina, the film's central character, including the 1986 Academy Award. Obviously his great performance made it a great investment.

And we won't ruin the movie for you by giving away the plot.

We suggest you don't ruin it for yourself by watching it on a cheap video recorder.

One great performance deserves another.

When you look at all the work, the skill and the sacrifice that went into the making of "Kiss Of The Spider Woman", it makes sense to watch it on equipment that does it justice.

And while that doesn't necessarily mean the most expensive equipment around, it certainly doesn't mean the cheapest.

Ideally, a balance between performance and price is the answer.

And that's the philosophy that Akai have been working on in recent years.

The Akai VS-515 Hi-Fi Video Recorder is a perfect example of what can be achieved.

At \$1299, it is slightly more expensive than comparable brands, but then, no part of it has been compromised to fit under a certain price point.

On the basis that you get what you pay for, the Akai VS-515 has four heads instead of two, producing better audio performance.

Because it uses the full width of tape instead of the minor portion as is usual for mono and stereo VCR's, you get a much more dynamic stereo sound.

In addition, this dynamic stereo Hi-Fi sound comes through Akai's highly reputed sound reproduction technology. And the picture quality is

significantly improved through Akai's advanced HQ circuitry.

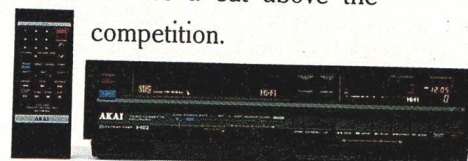
Further innovations include Akai's exclusive Interactive Monitoring System that puts all programming functions up big on the screen.

Plus a five-speed slow motion feature, tape-view system and unique child-lock and thief-lock function.

And whereas the industry standard is a 12-month warranty, the Akai VS-515 is covered by a three-year warranty (with one year on the video and audio heads).

The perfect team-mate for your Akai video recorder is the Akai CTK202 colour TV.

In sound, picture quality and features it's a cut above the competition.



And it also comes with a three-year full warranty.

You can see them both at your nearest Akai dealer.

Like William Hurt in "Spider Woman", we think you'll agree the extra performance is worth the extra investment.

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When brokers bet on interest rates, stakes are in billions. And the money belongs to small investors.

As his name suggests, Bet-a-Million Gates was a high roller. What's more, he was willing to bet on anything. (Gates is reputed to have wagered thousands of dollars on how quickly a drop of rain would reach the bottom of a window pane.) But Gates's reputation as the consummate gambler has been challenged by one Howard Rubin, a broker with the prominent investment company, Merrill, Lynch and Co.

Rubin's job was to invest the firm's money in interest-bearing government securities. Betting that interest rates would decline, Rubin accumulated \$US1.3 billion (\$A2 billion) of fixed-rate government bonds. Unfortunately, Rubin was wrong. Interest rates did not fall, they rose. Rubin's failed gamble cost him his job — and it cost his company \$US355 million (\$A500m).

To understand exactly why Rubin's wager went sour, you must first know a bit about how the money market works. Buying a bond is merely a way of lending money to a company or the government. The bond seller agrees to return your money at a certain date (the maturity date); meanwhile, you receive interest at an agreed-upon rate.

There are two main hazards associated with bonds. The first is that the bond seller will go broke and you will be unable to get your money back when the bond matures. Although this risk can be considerable if you buy bonds issued by marginal companies, it is rather small when you're lending your money to the commonwealth government. The second, and more important risk, is that you will not be able to get back what you paid for the bonds if you try to sell them *before* they mature. This can happen because of changes in the value of money.

As all financiers know, but most wage earners fail to realise, money is a commodity. There is a market for money exactly like the markets for soybeans, wheat, and gold. Like these commodities, the price of money (which is quoted in interest rates) varies with supply and demand. When few wish to borrow but many wish to make loans, the price of money, ie interest rates, goes down. When everyone wants to borrow and there is little money around to lend, interest rates rise.

Although market forces are the most important factor determining the price of money, interest rates are not only a function of supply and demand. Government actions also play an important role. For example, the Reserve Bank can vary the supply of money available to borrowers (by increasing or decreasing the amounts that banks must

keep on reserve). The Reserve Bank can also buy and sell government securities on the open market, thereby affecting the money supply. Finally, the government sets certain interest rates, such as bank mortgages, by law.

Despite these interventions, governments have never been able to completely control interest rates. When it comes to a contest, market forces almost always prevail.

Changes in interest rates have a direct effect on bond prices. When rates rise, bond prices automatically fall. When the rates fall, bond prices automatically rise. The reason is simple.

If you were to buy a \$1000 bond paying \$100 per year interest and then interest rates were to rise so that new \$1000 bonds were paying \$200 per year, no one is going to buy your bond for \$1000. (Who would be crazy enough to accept 10 percent interest when they can get 20?)

The only way you can unload your bond is to sell it at a lower price. If, say, you offered it at \$600, then that \$100 per year would represent 17 percent interest, plus the buyer would receive \$1000 when the bond matured (an additional profit of \$400). Similarly, if you were to buy bonds paying \$100 per year and interest rates fell so that new bonds were paying only \$50, the value of your bonds would increase and you could sell them for more than you paid for them in the first place.

It should be obvious that if you know which way interest rates are heading you can make big profits. Unfortunately, such predictions are difficult to make. Just read the papers. Expert economists, politicians, bankers and stockbrokers are always making predictions but rarely do they all agree and almost never is the same person correct more than once. Typically, you can do as well as the experts by flipping a coin.

Because it is so difficult to predict interest rate movements, most big players try to hedge their bets. They do this by buying "financial futures". Just as it is possible to speculate in commodities, it's possible to buy contracts in government bonds and

other interest-bearing securities. When you buy one of these contracts, you put down a small deposit which gives you effective control over large denomination securities. If interest rates should fall, the value of your futures contract will rise (because the prices of the bonds covered by the contract will rise). It is also possible to "sell" a futures contract. Then, if interest rates rise, the value of your contract increases because you will receive more money for your bonds than they are currently worth.

Howard Rubin was betting interest rates would decline and that's why he bought all those bonds. To hedge this bet, he should have sold financial futures contracts equal in value to his bonds.

That's not as expensive as it sounds because on some exchanges (New York, for example), a \$2000 deposit controls \$100,000 worth of Treasury Bonds. If Rubin had hedged his bet, he would have had a type of insurance.

If interest rates had fallen, as he predicted, the company would have lost money on its futures investment but this would have been offset by the profit made on the bonds. If, on the other hand, interest rates had risen, the company's bonds would have lost value but their futures investment would have increased.

As with any other type of insurance, a "premium" will have to be paid. In this case, the premium takes the form of broker's commissions and possible futures losses. These costs reduce the total profit, but a reduced gain is better than none at all.

Obviously, international financial futures are not for the average investor. But much of the money Rubin was playing with came from small investors and pension plans. In other words, it's your money the so-called experts are investing. When the firm takes a huge loss, you will pay for it with a smaller pension.

The more you know about what the experts are up to, the better off you will be. Otherwise the small investor takes just as big a gamble, but with even less control.

— SETH GREGORY

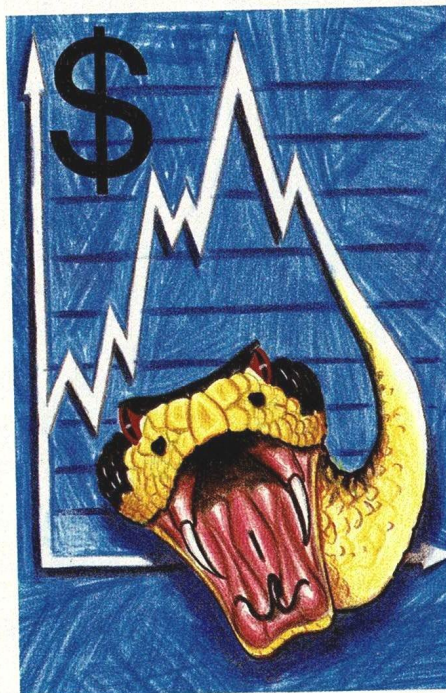


ILLUSTRATION BY ANTHONY MAZZERI

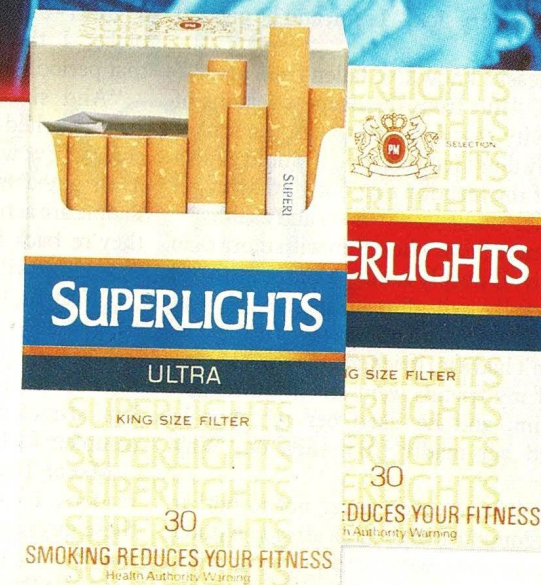
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WOMEN

For decades women have confused the hell out of men. Now guys withdraw rather than face heartache.

Harry said, "Just tell her I have no feelings. Just tell her I'm a prick and she doesn't need a guy like me in her life."

"I suppose I'd better, you ratbag. You flirt with her, you know," I said.

"I can't help it. She's a great girl. That's why I want her to know immediately what a bastard I am."

The boy has no shame. He's my pal. It has come to my attention that I have a lot of pals who are without women in their lives. I wanted to know why, I asked them, the results are disquieting.

Harry is abnormally handsome, blond and tall. At a literary seminar in Sydney last summer every girl in the lecture said to every other girl, "Who's the hunk?"

Went to the university of NSW, Harry, wrote a book, was all we found out. Later, when Harry and I became inseparable, I found out he had once been the perfect, monogamous boyfriend for seven years until his girlfriend dumped him. Now he only dates models, to whom he's cold.

"I have no feelings," says Harry. "As Yeats said, 'Too much sacrifice can make a stone of the heart.' The only amendment I would make to that is, 'If you're lucky.' Too many people continue to be victimised by the world of feeling. That world is genuinely silly to me. I listen to the lyrics of those songs, which in times of heartache I thought were filled with the essential meaning of life; they are now utterly ludicrous to me. They're goofier than *The Flintstones*."

"You're very sick," I said, and he giggled happily.

"At least I know I've fallen from grace," he said. "But from the deepest regions of that cavity that we used to call my soul, I honestly don't feel negative. I would expect more of the reaction that body builders get from their audiences — oohs and aaahhs."

My mate Sam, whom I'm with more than anybody, is deeply funny, a cartoonist with a cheerfully evil glint in his eye. He's as steady as a rock, he rarely leaves his house, he hasn't had a girlfriend in maybe 10 years. One of my friends went all silly when she met him, and he liked her too, but he avoided her madly from then on. Why, Sam?

"It's just so much easier not to bother. Life is complicated enough already without having to deal with someone else who's wanting to be intimate. It's easier to escape into escapism. To build up a lot of obsession about trivial things that you can have illusions of control over. You know, cricket statistics, poker, bird-watching. . ."

"So you're a control freak. I never

realised you were into that."

"It's not so much control I want but avoidance of non-control. I don't want someone controlling me. I'm just making this up as I go along. You just do what feels best and you figure it out later."

Readers, I have to admit when I decided to write this I thought I could be all knowing and smug about fear of intimacy and the callowness of men. But right now, at this paragraph, I'm beginning to wonder about women. I hope I feel more confident soon.

There's Victor, my English mate. Sweetest guy, will do anything for anyone. Most of my friends have had crushes on Victor. I have too. I don't think he's even noticed. He dates, looks for Ms Right, she's never there.

"I'm very bad at presenting myself as a romantic possibility," says Victor. "I'm expected to act as a male predator. This 'smoulder into my eyes, please' attitude is a denial of intelligence. I simply can't do it, it's insulting."

"I was one of those people who suddenly had to get sensitive in the '70s, and was enormously relieved," he continues. "I never was a beer-chugging bloke; I thrived in that period."

"And since then I've watched it all change, I've watched it all get a haircut. People are acting like they're back in the '50s. We're afraid we fucked up with all that self-exploration we did. You can't take away knowledge, and it's dangerous to pretend you never had it."

"We're not innocent, we've lost confidence in our feelings. At least I have. If I'm attracted to somebody I act like a complete fool."

Maybe I just know unhappy people but, readers, I couldn't believe how eager all these guys were to talk about it, to explain themselves, to justify their positions. And their depth of despair is beyond anything I've heard from the girls.

Listen to Brian, who has lately become famous as a writer-socialite in Sydney, who is enormously sexy, whose wife left him for another man, whose next lover tortured him

viciously, and who hasn't had a relationship since the '70s:

"During and at the break-up of a relationship you experience the only true pain you suffer in life. It's not like hunger and poverty, those are physical and you can deal with them. But that turmoil, anxiety, jealousy and crushing pain only come from a relationship. It's a mixture of the emotional and physical."

"But what do you do about loneliness?" I asked.

"In order to be alone you have to like yourself, be content. I have hundreds of people I see constantly. I have physical companionship every night. I'm never lonely."

"I don't make a commitment, therefore I don't break a commitment, which of course people always do."

What's happening here? These blokes have given up!

My theory is that not all traumas happen in childhood. A profound hurt can change your life irreparably. And if that kind of damage just lies there festering in your psyche, your enchilada is well and truly cooked.

You have to grieve, go through the same period of mourning that you'd do if a loved one died, let those grisly feelings happen. Then start over again.

But why start over again? Is this romance business

simply a biological trick to keep the race alive?

Harry says, "Not having romantic feelings is like having all the good aspects of a retirement home. You feel yourself above a rather demeaning and ultimately pointless fray."

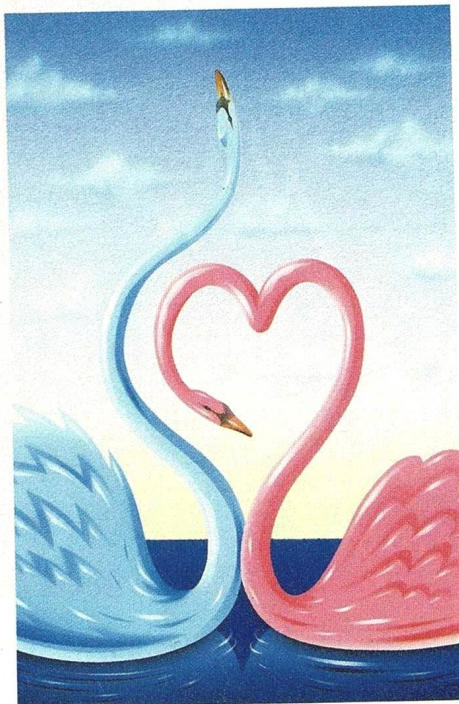
"But what about closeness, and family, and being connected?" I protest rather feebly.

"You're speaking a foreign language," he says.

I know women confused the hell out of men in the past few decades. Men got angry and hurt. Men have a history of not showing their feelings.

Maybe we were too harsh.

— CYNTHIA HEIMEL



“Of course they're easy to make. It's just that they taste complicated!” It was no idle boast. A Bacardi rum daiquiri is simplicity itself. The tricky part is in getting the correct balance of flamboyance and showmanship into the mixing performance. “So watch closely.” My guests, gathered in the kitchen, moved a step forward. “To 45 ml of light, dry Bacardi rum we add a dash of lemon juice, a teaspoon of sugar, ice . . . er, crushed usually . . . and strawberries. Into the blender.” And then I said, pitching my voice above the whirr of the mixer as smiles broke out all around, “Hey Presto! The 18 second, Bacardi rum, strawberry daiquiri.” I took a sip of the foaming, pink, magical daiquiri. Flushed with pride, I saluted the gathering with raised glass as, in unison, they cried, “Encore!”

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Okay, so men are jerks, but women can't do without us. After all, they're jerks as well.

Tanya is definitely a Big Mama. Over six feet tall, she has the build of a wrestling queen. Even her breasts are muscular. I should know; we met in a martial arts class and traded hip tosses and body slams for a year.

I think Tanya is beautiful. She dresses well, has glowing skin, a cute face. When she's in her headband, she looks like a tall Elizabeth Taylor. I see her as the ultimate hefty, healthy woman.

Every few months, though, Tanya falls into despair about her problems with men. That's when she calls me and comes over to my writing studio to bitch and moan. She knows I'll listen for only so long, and that I won't roll over for the anti-male propaganda she tries to hand me. Sort of a mental martial arts class.

This afternoon Tanya has brought over the Style section of the morning paper. There is a picture of a bare-chested male, and a large headline: WHY MEN ARE JERKS (AND WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT). Tanya waves the newspaper in front of me as if it is evidence in a courtroom. "Read it and weep, Baber," she says.

"That's nothing new," I say. "We've seen stuff like that for years now. WHY MEN ARE JERKS. You think you'll ever see a headline WHY WOMEN ARE JERKS?"

"I'd cancel my subscription," Tanya says.

"Sure you would. So would the rest of you women. You've got a lock on the media now."

"Besides, it's true," she says. "Men are jerks and that's all there is to it. It says so right here." Tanya clears her throat as if she's about to read a message from God. She speaks loudly, wooing authority.

"You take any 10 women, and seven or eight are worth getting to know. They're decent people," says Karen, a single saleswoman whose perspectives on male behavior are echoed by dozens of women in a reader survey. "You take any 10 men, and seven or eight are jerks, at least with respect to how they treat other people, especially women."

Tanya rolls her blue eyes. "How true," she sighs.

"I thank you and my father thanks you," I say.

"It is true, Ace," she says. "Ask any woman."

"And ask any man how he feels about being called a jerk."

"I'm not interested," Tanya sulks.

"It's Jeff, isn't it?"

"Jeff who?"

"You went away with him for a week, didn't you?"

"I don't remember."

"You went off with him and you got into an argument as per usual and now you're hurt."

"Argument? It was worse than that. He ignored me. He sat by the pool and worked on his screenplay and didn't say a word to me for a week."

"Which is what I said he would do when you asked me if you should go."

"A week. Seven days. *Nothing!*"

"Which is what *he* said he would do."

"As if I didn't exist!"

"And which is what *he had* to do if he was going to get paid. It's called meeting a deadline."

"Totally anti-social. A jerk. Just like it says here."

"Tanya, you moved out two months ago."

"I was giving him space," she smiles too sweetly. "Jeff has always needed space. The outback might do for him. If there were no other people there. Just Jeff and the kangaroos."

Before I can say anything, she is reading from the newspaper again: "Oh, the jerk. Emotionally unconscious when he isn't thinking with his penis. . . He leaves the toilet seat up, leaves dates at the door with empty promises, and — judging from what women say — is apt to leave altogether, even after months of dating, with nary a word. The fact that another human being may be hurt by his unexplained flight apparently does not enter the male mind."

"Keep those cards and letters coming, folks," I say. "That's one-sided bullshit and you know it."

"It rings true to me," Tanya frowns.

"Tanya, you moved out. Clothes and all. You'd had it. Or so you said. You split."

"I was confused."

"You ever stop to think he was confused, too?"

"He's just a walking penis."

"And what are you? You're a typical woman. You went for a romance. You were a jerk. You ignored his go-away signals. You screwed up. Can you live with that?"

"Why *should* I when he was such a jerk?"

"Oh, I get it: you're allowed your confusion and mixed messages. Jeff isn't. You ask me a month ago should you race off with Jeff for a week. I say no. I say it would be a bad idea. You go anyway. It turns out to be a disaster. And it's all his fault? He's the only jerk?"

"He never should've asked me."

"Agreed."

"Agreed?" Tanya laughs. "Case closed, then."

"Nope, Jeff never should've asked you. He was a jerk. He was confused, he wanted the comfort of you with him, he didn't think ahead. Bad move on his part. But what about you? You got all mushy in the head and left yourself vulnerable after you two had split up. You took the gamble and got burned. That makes you a jerk, too. Only

you want to lay the blame on him. All of it. And then, to top it off, you want to have the luxury of calling him a jerk while you avoid your own supreme jerkiness."

Tanya looks at me without saying anything for a minute. "You've got a black belt in cruelty, Baber," she finally says.

"And you've got a black belt in self-deception."

"You're a jerk," Tanya smiles. "And so is Jeff."

"Agreed. And so are you."

"I never said that."

"No, you didn't. But you know it's true. We're all jerks. We don't really listen to each other, we blame each other for too many things, and at the same time we need each other like crazy. Men and women: can't live with 'em, can't live without 'em."

"Remember when I threw you and you dislocated your shoulder?" Tanya asks. "Could we do that again right now?"

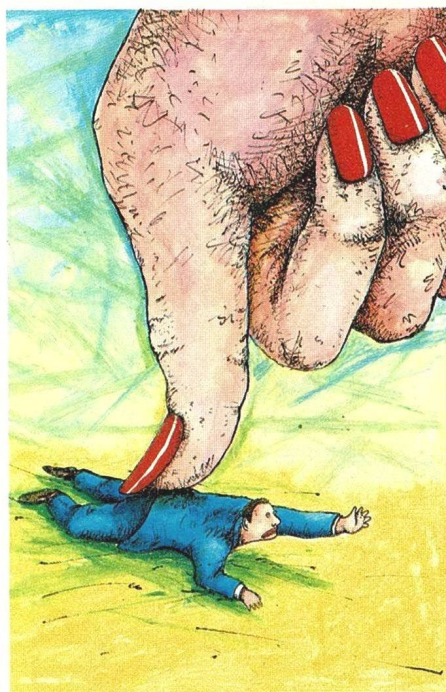
"Only if I get to break your ankle again."

"I never did like you," Tanya says as she gives me a hug.

"I know. That's why you're here."

We stand there hugging for a minute. I am not thinking about issues or anxieties or philosophies.

I am thinking that Tanya has wonderful breasts. — ASA BABER



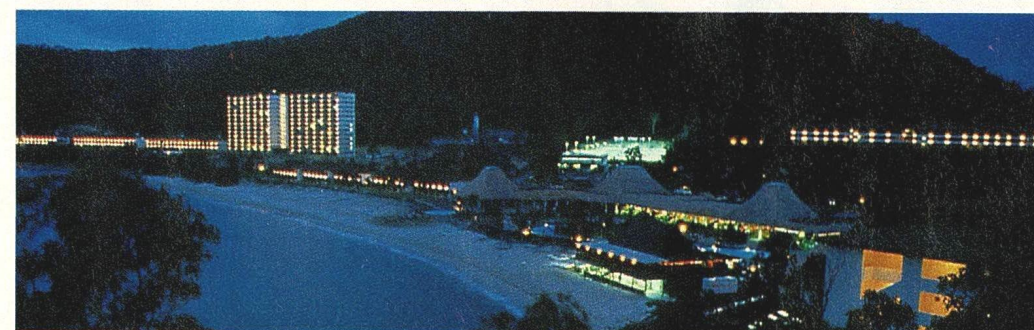
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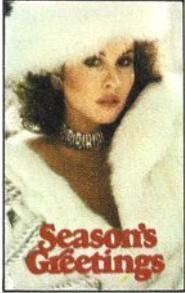
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SPORT



Our top boxers no longer fight in seedy clubs. Fenech and Bugner have seduced the silvertails.

About 15 years ago I went to a seedy licensed club in the Sydney suburbs to watch, through a fog of blue cigarette smoke, the hot new lightweight Hector Thompson. I forget who Thompson fought but I remember it didn't go anywhere near the distance. Thompson was a formidable puncher but it was reputation rather than reality that had his opponent running scared. Just a few months earlier a pug called Roko Spanja had died as a result of punishment received in the ring with Thompson.

The sad facts of boxing life aside for a moment, Thompson, a quite charismatic half-caste Aborigine in the Lionel Rose mould, should have been box-office dynamite. Instead he was going round in a tacky entertainment lounge to a soundtrack of poker machines. And that was the way it was to be throughout his career.

In the decade that followed, Paul Ferreri and Rocky Mattioli were to suffer the same fate. They weren't bad fighters but after Rose, Famechon and Mundine, big-time boxing just lost its gloss. Relegated to late-night TV and increasingly tacky club venues, a once-great sport became a sad farce played out in front of thugs and scumbags.

Not quite two years ago I went back to the fights. Not the Rooty Hill Rissole, this time it was the Sydney Entertainment Centre at 50 bucks-plus for a ringside ticket with a bag of fruit and even a flower in the lapel not out of place. Live network television coverage and every reporter and photographer in town out to snap the galaxy of stars there added credibility to boxing's great comeback in the 1980s.

It was truly an amazing scene at ringside. Ministers of the crown rubbed shoulders with gangsters and playboys, captains of industry hobnobbed with crooked union bosses, glamorous actresses and surly hitmen. Socialites in fur coats struggled to be seen recoiling in horror with every landed punch. The atmosphere was electric. More than a momentous sporting occasion, this was an Event.

So what had brought about this remarkable renaissance of a sport which had seemed, just a year or two earlier, to be down for the count? Two men: one a powerhouse pug from the wrong side of the tracks (ever meet a class fighter who wasn't?) and the other a smooth-talking veteran sportswriter with a penchant for the punt.

WBC bantamweight champion Jeff Fenech first met Bill Mordey after the disappointment of the Los Angeles Olympics in 1984. Feeling he had been done an

injustice, the young and immensely talented Fenech was ready to turn pro but the facts of the matter were that Australian professional boxing had reached an all-time low. Not since Jimmy Sharman had dragged his motley troupe of bar-room bluers around the country show circuit had fighters been paid less or held in less esteem. It was not just an Australian problem; boxing was suffering from an image problem worldwide.

But the flamboyant American promoter Don King had successfully turned the biggest fights of the post-Ali era into celebrity media events and Bill Mordey saw enough grass roots support for Jeff Fenech to create a similar movement here.

Fenech's first pro fights were in the clubs for purses that never exceeded \$1500, but

then he teamed with Mordey and the number changed. Although for much of his career he had specialised in rugby league, Mordey was a sportswriter of many talents and with considerable entrepreneurial flair. He liked to tell bar-room stories about chancing his last dollars on unlikely gambles that came off, and his rationale was that if he lost his all, there would always be a spot on a sub-editor's table somewhere for an old journo.

But in Fenech, Mordey saw a calculated risk rather than a crazy one-shot gamble. He remembered fondly his early days as a sportswriter covering the big nights at the old Sydney Stadium, when the entire city was crazy about Carruthers. Thirty years on, Sydney was a different town, but Mordey thought there was still a place for the old magic of a night at the fights. He invested his entire savings in the rental of the Sydney Entertainment Centre and the cost of importing a world-ranked opponent, then courted the media in a way no promoter had done for years. Mordey made sure the kid from Marrickville was in and out of editors' offices faster than he could say "you're the beautifullest", breasting the bar with the columnists and TV hacks and sparring for the cameras. In a matter of weeks everyone knew and loved Battlin' Jeff

Fenech, the gallant loser in LA and the kid with a point to prove.

It was public relations in the best Rocky tradition and it worked. Fenech put bums on seats from the beginning. Not enough to make a profit, according to "Break Even" Bill Mordey, but certainly the style of the crowd was proof positive that boxing in Australia had entered a new era of chic respectability. By the time Fenech met Jerome Coffee for the IBF world title, his fans embraced the entire spectrum of Sydney society, from crooks to kingmakers and all stops in between. Even Grace Jones was ringside to watch him trounce Coffee. Mordey and Fenech may not have been millionaires yet, but they certainly had the keys to the vault.

The fight game's new image took a further twist with the announcement of Joe Bugner's comeback to the ring. Bugner, the former British and European heavyweight champion who had toughed out 27 losing rounds with Ali and Frazier a decade before, was now in his late thirties and a fixture on the Sydney social scene with his Australian wife, the former journalist Marlene Carter. The pundits cried: "Say it ain't so, Joe!" But Mordey, after much deliberation, decided to promote the comeback.

Bugner's first fight, against medium ranker James Tillis, was a victory on points and defeat at the box-office. But the nature of the small crowd that watched "Aussie Joe" go through his fairly impressive paces was an indication of where boxing is heading. Gucci suits and real diamonds were the order of the day, and whereas once a fiver changing hands at the end of a round indicated a monumental plunge, \$100 bills were palmed all over the place.

As one old-time fight fan moaned into his plastic beer mug later in the foyer: "How can you enjoy watching two working-class blokes punch the shit out of each other when you know a silvertail is going to profit from the outcome?" The fact remains that now a lot of people are doing just that.

—PHIL JARRATT

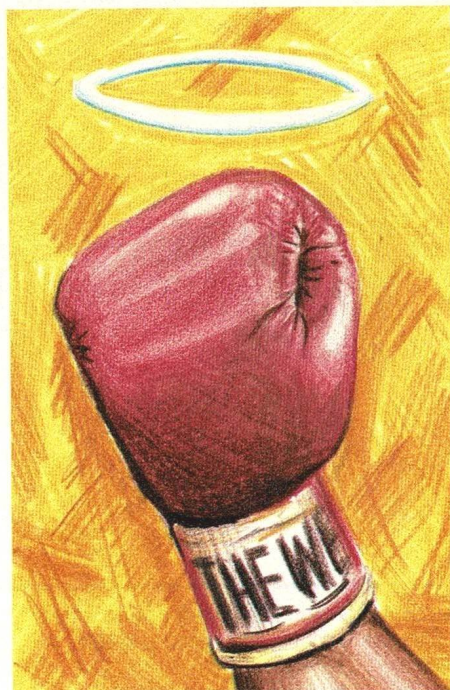


ILLUSTRATION BY ANTHONY MAZZERI

THE ONLY 30'S WITH THE STYLE OF THE EIGHTIES.

SHOWBIZ

Welcome back to *Elm Street's Nightmare*, *Dragnet* played for laughs and *The Untouchables* for real.

FREDDY'S FINAL HOUR? A young girl's eyes close in unwanted, irresistible sleep; a shadow looms, the shape of a battered hat just visible. Suddenly, five razor-sharp blades flash on the end of five hideously distorted fingers, and a monstrosity with a burned face gives an evil grin. You're right: Freddy Krueger is back to figure in yet another *Nightmare On Elm Street*. This time it's *Part 3: Dream Warriors*, and quite probably it's the best of the series. The special effects



The best *Nightmare* of all? Being swallowed whole by Freddy Krueger!

(by **Wes Craven**, an ex-university professor who conceived and directed the first part) are just so extraordinary that the pundits have been forced to sit up and take notice. For those still not in the know, Freddy was originally a child molester who was horribly disfigured and then slaughtered by the parents of *Elm Street*. His unquiet spirit returns in nightmares to their children (and now their children's children) and kills them in such a way that the world sees only rather revolting suicides. In *Part 3*, Nancy, a teenager in the original, is now a psychiatrist specialising in dreams, who musters the seven surviving grandchildren, currently confined to a mental hospital, to fight back. In one amazing scene Freddy slits the wrists of one of the teenagers and draws out the tendons, by which he then drags him to a window-ledge. Onlookers can only see a boy preparing to suicide. Then the camera draws back to show the head of an enormous Freddy behind the building, dangling his victim by the tendons like a puppet on a string. Full marks for incredible inventiveness and imagination, but the question remains: Is this really the end of Freddy?

REELING AND ROCKING: **Michael Nesmith** has two films in production, but says he'd like to work with **The Monkees** on a movie if they'd ask him. However **Mickey Dolenz** has the inside track on directing their new movie because of his experience in directing commercials... Look out for **Tom Waits** in *Ironweed*, starring **Meryl Streep** and **Jack Nicholson**... Watch out for an

Elton John live album and video of his Australian performances... Last May's *Montreux Rock Festival* was taped and will be shown on TV, starring **Whitney Houston**, **Duran Duran**, **The Pretenders**, **INXS**, the **Beastie Boys** and **Run-DMC**.

NEWSBREAKS: **Billy Joel's** six-date Soviet concert tour will be filmed for TV and video by **Roger Dalrymple**, who did the *Live Aid* broadcast... There will be a TV movie of **Marvin Gaye's** life produced by Motown, who purchased the rights to the story from Gaye's estate... New albums will be released

MOVIE SCORECARD

capsule close-ups of current movies
by graham barry

Amazing Stories Three-hander with disappointing Spielberg segment, but both horror spoofs are great. **YYY**

Beverly Hills Cop 2 Underrated by all but the box office, and so much better than its predecessor. **YYY**

Blind Date Bruce Willis gives Kim Basinger a drink and the result is dynamite — until it fizzles out. **YY**

Gardens Of Stone Pseudo patriotism, overacting and sentimentality in dollops. Oh, Coppola! **Y**

La Bamba A rock'n'roll classic comes to life, along with its tragic creator, the late **Richie Valens**. **YYY**

Lethal Weapon ... is **Mel Gibson** as LA cop with death wish chasing drug-running Vietnam vets. Sensational! **YYYY**

Outrageous Fortune **Shelley Long** and **Bette Midler** may be sexist but they'll make you laugh your tits off. **YYYY**

Predator Forget **Arnold Schwarzenegger**. Only the monster is worth while in this *Rambo*-sci-fi mix. **Y**

Radio Days **Woody Allen's** affectionate memory of youth corrupted by the wireless. Warm and witty. **YYY**

Raising Arizona Childless ex-cop and ex-crim hubby kidnap a quintuplet — one won't be missed! Whacky. **YYY**

The Big Easy Cop **Dennis Quaid** and DA **Ellen Barkin** make great sexual chemistry — and catch the baddies! **YYYY**

The Secret Of My Success Laugh now with **Michael J. Fox** and worry about it later. **YY**

Withnail And I Down and out in London and points west with two demented actors. Outrageous. **YYYY**

YYYYY Outstanding

YYYY Don't miss

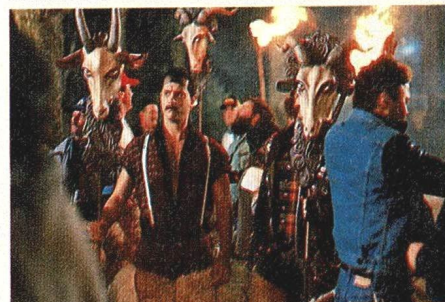
YYY Good show

YY Worth a look

Y Forget it

soon from the **Pet Shop Boys**, the **Bee Gees**, **Aretha Franklin** and **Billy Ocean** ... **The Doors'** six studio albums will be released soon on CD and the band will get to star on Hollywood's Walk Of Fame... All three **Pointer Sisters** are planning solo albums which will not affect their collective relationship (thank God!). We hope they will make more impact than fourth sister **Bonnie's** efforts did... A star-studded tribute to **Chet Atkins** was filmed for TV in Nashville last April, with **Willie Nelson**, **Waylon Jennings**, the **Everly Brothers**, **Emmylou Harris** and **Mark Knopfler**.

IF THIS IS DRAGNET, IT MUST BE FRIDAY: It's been a great month for turning '60s TV series into movies for the '80s. Who'd have thought **Jack Webb's** immortal *Dragnet* would be resurrected by an absolutely poker-faced **Dan Aykroyd** and turned into screwball comedy? Nevertheless, he treats the original **Joe Friday** with all due reverence and affection. Together with side-kick **Tom Hanks**, Aykroyd saves the Virgin **Connie Swail** (**Alexandra Paul**) from being sacrificed to a monster python by **PAGAN** (People Against Goodness And Normalcy) and defeats an unholy alliance of the oily **Rev Whirley** (**Christopher Plummer**) and soft porn king **Jerry Caesar** (**Dabney Coleman**) designed to divide and rule LA. Oddly enough, Aykroyd has never been funnier. On a very much more serious note, *The Untouchables* is back with



Aykroyd and Hanks in *Dragnet*: **Joe Friday** never dressed up like this.

us again, directed in his usual gory fashion by **Brian (Scarface) De Palma**, but with much more flair. This time **Eliot Ness** is played by **Kevin Costner**, whose role as the suicide in *The Big Chill* ended up on the cutting room floor (they couldn't cut him out of this one), while **Al Capone** is played by **Robert De Niro** in one of his finest roles — for once it wouldn't be a platitude to say *De Niro is Capone*! Apparently the production ran out of money and couldn't afford a train sequence. Watch out instead for a heart-stopping shoot-out on the steps of the station as a baby in a pram bumps down every last one!

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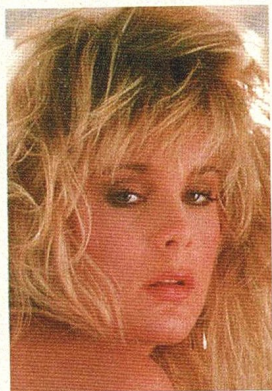
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DEAR GIRLS OF PLAYBOY

Our lovely ladies of Playboy answer your most intimate queries.

The question for the month:
What sports do you find sexy to watch and why?

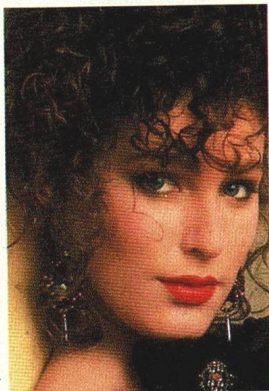
Rugby league. I love big men and I love to be tackled, so when I see them tackle each other, it's a turn-on. I put myself in the middle. I pretend I'm the ball! I am into power and strength. Gymnastics is another sexy sport — strength and power and great-looking bodies. In what other sport do you see better bodies than in gymnastics? Oh, yes, and hockey. I like hockey, too. It's the power thing again, you know; I pretend I'm the girl they're fighting over — or the ball!



Kimberly Paige

KYMBERLY PAIGE
JUNE 1987

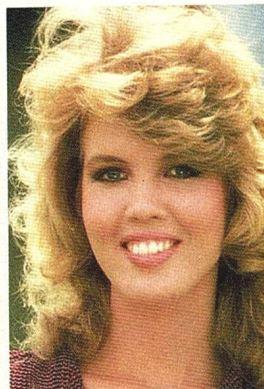
I watched a basketball game recently. That made me horny! Bodybuilders are sexy if they're not too narcissistic. I hate men who shave their chests and that sort of thing. But if they're good, they are quite wonderful to watch. I've never been to a professional surfing contest but I'm sure I'd enjoy that. Anything that involves a lot of sweating is sexy. And lanky bodies.



Marina Baker

MARINA BAKER
APRIL 1987

Running. I've watched a few marathons on TV, and you can really see the concentration on a man's face. It's like you get to know him by watching him concentrate so hard on winning and also just on the achievement of being right in there. Plus, runners are in those little shorts. I like a runner's figure, and I like to see him sweat. It's not like the aggression in football. That's so barbaric. Running is an individual sport, and you feel like you are getting to know each runner. I like watching a man get focused on one thing.



Donna Edmondson

DONNA EDMONDSON
DECEMBER 1986

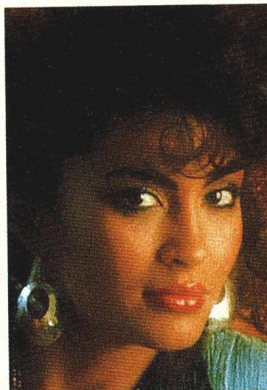
I love bodybuilding and I like to watch bodybuilding contests. Seeing bodies in peak form is really pretty neat. I also think gymnastics are sexy. The male gymnast has a good-looking physique. Soccer is fun to watch, too. It's action-packed and symbolic of how men play together. It's fast, cunning and definitely a matey sport. It isn't solitary, like bodybuilding and gymnastics. It's a team sport. I like watching fast sports where I can see muscle.



Julie Peterson

JULIE PETERSON
MARCH 1987

Would you call dancing a sport? There is so much body language going on between good dancers who move well together. It's sexy to watch and to do. I also love rugby league. I love watching those big, masculine guys out on the field, going for it, getting dirty and sweaty in tight pants. They get in there and push and shove and make strange noises, and that sort of thing is very sexy to watch.



Rebecca Ferratti
REBECCA FERRATTI
JULY 1986

Surfing is what I find really sexy to watch. It's great to see lean, tanned bodies outdoors on a sunny day. We have the perfect weather in Australia for surfing, and we have great beaches, so a lot of guys do it, and that means there's plenty of potential for watching! And it's a healthy outdoor sport which is another reason I like it. It means those bodies are usually in super fit shape.



Grace Parr

GRACE PARR
MARCH 1984

Send your questions to Dear Girls Of Playboy, Australian Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010. We'll try to answer as many of your intimate queries as possible.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: **DICK SMITH**

A candid conversation with The Electronic Dick about conservation, cigarette advertising, politics, and what it takes to be Australian Of The Year.

Dick Smith has been given more nicknames than he cares to remember: "Mad Dog Smith", "The Car Radio Nut", "The Electronic Dick", "The CB Whiz" and "Dick Derring-Do" are just a few of the more popular ones. With his uninspiring name Smith could hardly avoid the rush, yet every one of those monickers sheds a ray of light on the far-flung personalities that go to make up one of Australia's favorite local boys made good.

In every one of them, too, there is a public fascination with this very ordinary looking man who has devoted his life to being anything but conventional and who has been likened to a number of Boys' Own-type heroes like Biggles. There is a riddle in the life and times of Dick Smith, for the man who has always defied the hard and fast rules of money-making and money-spending and gone out on a limb to indulge his often dangerous passion for solo adventure, is in many ways the most normal of men. If the impression many get of Dick Smith is one of a common Aussie bloke who rolls up his sleeves to do a bit of hard yakka, who got lucky and made a packet out of nothing, and who now has a good time with his resources without being an arse about it, then the impression is not far off the truth.

He has probably been that way all his

43 years. Dick Smith was very likely the kid in his street, in the leafy, northern Sydney suburb of East Roseville, who tinkered at home with his bits-and-pieces radio set while all the rest of the boys were out on the street playing cricket and smashing sixes through neighbors' front windows. He was a boy scout, attaining that movement's highest achievement, the Baden-Powell Award, and staying in uniform right through to his twenties, out on weekends learning about backpacking and bush skills while the other blokes were grooving to Johnny O'Keefe and doing laps in their FJs.

But though he was always the backyard boffin, his high-school grades were a long way off impressing the academic world, and after a couple of false starts at tertiary education he returned to his backyard and began fixing car and two-way radios. It was a modest beginning, but with a combination of naivety (in retrospect you could call it unbridled confidence), bulldog tenacity, screwball publicity and impeccable timing, his business took off. Like much of Dick Smith's world, "no frills" was the name of the game when it came to making money but it was big money for a little guy. He put his ordinary name and his boy-next-door face on his company and went into high-turnover electronics

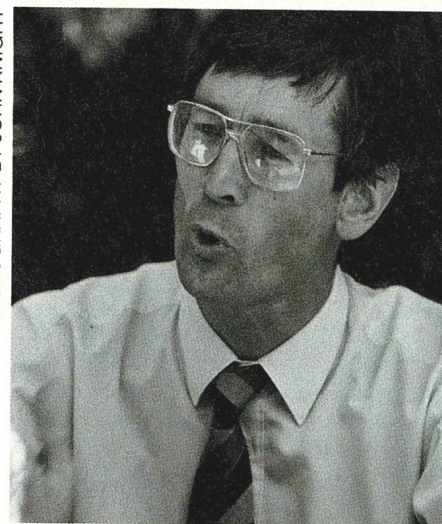
componentry sales, then watched his small-fry investment eventually do some high turning over, to the tune of \$50 million annually.

The biggest surprise, for those who don't follow the finance pages, is that Dick Smith the man sold Dick Smith the company to Woolworths in the early '80s, still with name and face intact but without the man. Basically the little digger got bored, then decided to reclaim the adventure in his life that had always been his obsession.

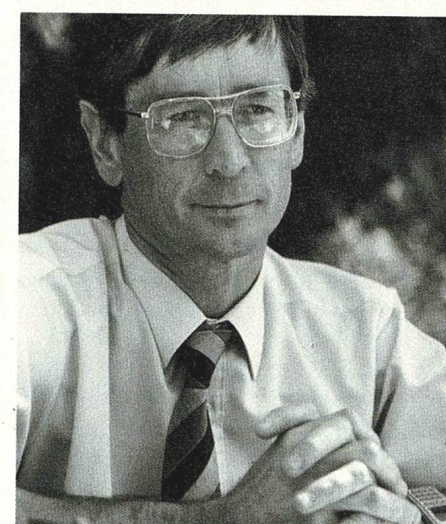
"Adventure" is a word Dick Smith uses a lot: his electronics business was one, until it became boring; bushwalking, abseiling and rock climbing are favorites. Stunts and public leg-pulling, from petrol-powered pogo sticks to jumping a double-decker bus over 16 motorcycles, put a smile on his face, as does sponsoring all kinds of Dick Smith-approved activities such as the Australian Stockman's Hall Of Fame in Longreach, Queensland, and restoring Mawson's Antarctic hut. He does the lot for the sake of good fun.

Yet there is another, more vocal side to Dick Smith, an aspect that has seen him embroiled over the years in conservation issues, battling archaic aviation regulations and, more recently, tackling the big-time media boys in a stand-up knuckle

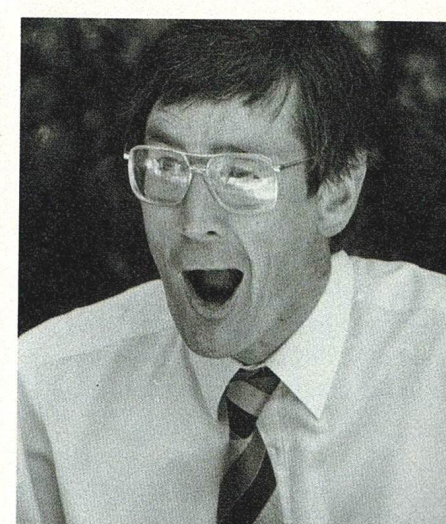
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN KNIGHT



"In Japan they don't allow anyone to chop down a tree. They come here and chop down ours and good luck to them if they can get away with it and we allow them to do it."



"People accuse me of being irresponsible, but they would then probably say that if I were a normal businessman and drank and smoked and drove a Ferrari, that's responsible."



"I was hopeless at school. I had very Chinese eyes and kids, being cruel, used to call me 'Ching', and that used to offend me. I was the subject of ridicule."

concerning cigarette advertising. But, again, he says it's all one big adventure, like his new line of work as the publisher of one of Australia's most successful new magazines, *Australian Geographic*.

Somehow, with all this crammed into one life, Dick Smith has time to devote to a wife, two daughters who go to public schools, a bit of television at night, an occasional biography and adventure book, and patronage of a drug-awareness scheme for children called *Life Education*. Oh, and on top of that there are just a few things to do as *Australian Of The Year* for 1987.

When we sent **Tony Love** to talk with him at his outback farmhouse-styled business complex in Terrey Hills, a northern Sydney suburb that nestles against a national park, Dick had slipped out of his glass-walled office. Says Love: "His staff suggested that maybe he had gone to his 'bush office', so I was shown the way out into the nearby Australian bush, where I found him in a small clearing working at a rough-hewn table. He was, however, still directly in touch with his employees back inside the buildings, as well as the outside world: even out here, he had an intercom and a permanent phone connection, all coming out of the ground no more than an arm's length away.

"He was as enthusiastic about his little enclave, the cellophane-blue sky, the birds and the banksias, as he was about his Australian-made, Peter Brock-built Commodore. Although he travels almost everywhere by helicopter, he confessed he was a bit of a boy-racer and impatient at traffic lights, which is why he bought a car that's the fastest thing from 0 to 60km/h that he's ever driven in his life.

"In one breath he was talking about cigarette advertising, and in the next about tax evaders. He thinks and talks on the hop, and is engaging on every subject. In the end it is very obvious this man gets one hell of a big kick out of just being alive.

"My first session with him was on April Fools' Day, and with his past career as a jokester, I was expecting just about anything to happen. It seemed the perfect icebreaker."

PLAYBOY: How's your reputation as a prankster going?

SMITH: I haven't had one for about seven years, believe it or not. About five years ago I decided if I really wanted to put something back into this country, I would

have to show that I was a conservative, responsible person. I still want to have a few adventures like flying my helicopters, which some people don't find very conservative, so I balance that, instead of jumping double-decker buses over motor-bikes and towing icebergs into Sydney Harbor, with the dull and boring Dick Smith.

PLAYBOY: Is that prankster still in there, lying dormant?

SMITH: Of course it is. I still have that spirit of fun. It just means that some of the things I'd like to do, I can't. The other thing with my April Fools' jokes was that I had to make sure no one was going to misinterpret the joke. You will always get some wacker who will say this is against their interests, or it's racist, or against women, religion, or something. So there were a lot of ideas I just couldn't go through with because I knew that someone would take offence. And the ones I did do, like towing the iceberg into Sydney Harbor, and printing the Dick Smith PRIC (printegrated circuit) in the *Daily Telegraph*, were all harmless. No one was really going to get offended, other than Fred Nile.

PLAYBOY: Do you worry about people like Fred Nile?

SMITH: Not directly, but I do worry if people misinterpret what I say or do. He hasn't, but I would if he did.

PLAYBOY: Your story has passed into folklore now. Have you ever sat back at any stage and said to yourself, "What the hell was all that about?"

SMITH: I have never been able to do it. I'm almost like a bystander looking at it, thinking, "Gee, I can't believe this." A good example is Dick Smith Electronics: everyone said to me, "You'll never be able to sell out." And I told them that I wouldn't have any problems with that. I never really considered that I owned it; I was just part of it. Even now there's the Dick Smith Electronics group which I don't really think of as ever being mine. It was this group of wonderful people, and still is, which grew, with me, astonished at what was happening, thinking, "Isn't this great fun? Isn't this a great adventure?" And when it got to \$50 million turnover and I'd got a bit bored, and didn't like the responsibility of sitting in an office with 500 staff, I moved out. And I've never regretted it. I look back on it as if it was just this group of people that happened and we were all part of it, equally. I just happened to make more money than them [laughing].

PLAYBOY: Was there ever a point where you could have chosen to do something else with your life?

SMITH: Most definitely. I think I have now. The pressure on me was amazing. My accountants and solicitors, who didn't earn one-hundredth of what I earned, all said to me, "Dick, you cannot sell out." It was almost as if I had this responsibility to keep expanding. They said the potential was too

great, that I should go to the United States and become a real Rupert Murdoch or a Bondy. When I said no to it, that I wanted to do something else, they were horrified that I could be so irresponsible not to turn \$10 million net profit a year into a hundred million, then a billion dollars.

PLAYBOY: You must have sensed they were out to make a bit of money out of you?

SMITH: No, they were doing it because they thought I must have been opting out, that I'd gone a bit senile, or weird. They said I couldn't retire because I wouldn't know what to do, and I said, firstly, I wasn't retiring and, secondly, that I wouldn't be able to do 10 percent of what I wanted to do. And I can't now. Building up Dick Smith Electronics was just an adventure, like climbing Balls Pyramid or looking for the lost aeroplane *Kookaburra*, or flying a helicopter; it just took a bit longer. Then I said I think I'll start a magazine, build Life Education Centres, have a go at the cigarette companies; all great fun, great excitement.

PLAYBOY: It's deeper than just having a bit of fun, surely?

SMITH: Oh, of course it is, but fun is a very large part of it. I'm the ultimate selfish creature. There's no one more selfish than me. I only do things for my own enjoyment. If I'm putting money and time into Life Education it's because it makes me feel good. And if I'm having a go at the cigarette companies it's because if I can get them to change the way they're promoting the drug to young kids, I'll get satisfaction from that.

PLAYBOY: You were just a young kid from East Roseville, not very far from where you live and work now. Are you still just a suburban boy?

SMITH: I still ride my bike to work. I just went bushwalking this last weekend with my family and Tim McCartney-Snape; we went down the Cox's River in the Blue Mountains. The only difference today from 20 years ago is that I happened to fly up there in my helicopter and it only took 20 minutes to get there. Twenty years ago I did the same walk with the same girl, who now happens to be my wife, and it took longer to get there. We took the train.

PLAYBOY: When you were a kid, did you have that same kind of adventurous spirit you have now? Did you use to nick off for a while?

SMITH: Yes, exactly the same as it is now. I used to think that one day, if I had enough money, I would get a place where I could just sit out in the bush. I used to escape into the bush all the time, and now I have a bush office. Once the bush-fire bans are lifted I light a fire out here and boil a billy. That, to me, is the ultimate.

PLAYBOY: It sounds like you're a bit of a loner.

SMITH: I am a bit. I'm not a society type. I've always loved being by myself. One of the things I always tell people is the reason I do my helicopter flights solo is because

otherwise you can't possibly get the necessary range from the amount of fuel you can carry. That happens to be the truth, but the main reason I do it solo is because I enjoy being by myself. I do most of my walking by myself, other than with my family. I like dreaming.

PLAYBOY: As a boy in the '50s and '60s, were you out of synch with all the other kids?

SMITH: I had a problem, which I had a terrible inferiority complex about. I was hopeless at sport. I was hopeless at school. I had very Chinese eyes and kids, being cruel, used to call me "Ching", and that used to offend me. I'd go home and tell my mother, and she'd say, "Dick, tell them the Chinese were the first to have a culture and the first civilisation in the world." It didn't work on the other eight-year-olds. Also, I couldn't say the letter "s" till I was eight, so you can imagine a kid with a name like "Smith" not being able to say his own name. I used to say "Dick Miff" or "Dick Fish". I was a subject of ridicule, which made things even worse. I'd hardly speak, I was so embarrassed. So I always thought I'd be hopeless.

PLAYBOY: What was important to you in your teenage years?

SMITH: I had three interests at about 17 or 18. I always had a steady girlfriend whom I was always terribly in love with and who always tended to drop me and leave me devastated. Then there was radio. I loved building things in radio. And the third one was the out-of-doors, my scouting.

PLAYBOY: Was the electronic part of the radio the important thing and not the music?

SMITH: I was never really interested in music. I tried to learn to play the saxophone for about six months but my teacher told me I didn't have a musical bone in my body. I loved radio because it was something I could do with my hands and something I could do alone. You see, I was in a bad position when I was 18: there was no way I could go to university because I just didn't have the academic ability, and when I was doing the Leaving Certificate all my school friends were saying things like, "Dad said that electrical engineering is the thing to get into." And I realised that they would know far more than I would ever know. I just ended up fixing cab radios.

PLAYBOY: Surely you weren't mucking around with a radio set when the Beatles came to Australia?

SMITH: In 1964 I'd just left school and was working in a factory putting valve sockets on to chassis and installing taxi radios under the dash-boards of cars. I loved it. I thought, well that's all I'll ever do. I never expected anything different. I thought I'd just be a radio serviceman.

PLAYBOY: You started your radio repair business with basically nothing?

SMITH: Oh no, I had \$600 and my fiancée had \$10. It was a lot of money for me, at the time.



...the heat is on!

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PLAYBOY: Do such chances still exist? What would you do with \$600 today?

SMITH: I'd do better than ever before. If you started off a business doing any service job — fixing washing machines, fixing TVs, changing tyres on cars, selling something over a counter — and you gave real service, you'd make a fortune, because generally, service is so bad. People would just flock to you like they did to me at the time. We were so enthusiastic. I always remember the day a guy drove in in a Mercedes and I raced over to his car, ripped open the door, jumped in and looked under the dash, and checked the radio. It worked perfectly. I asked him what was wrong and he said, "Nothing. Couldn't you just tune it up and charge me for it?" I said I couldn't and asked him why he was there. He told me his next-door neighbor had been in and told him that we were so enthusiastic and had asked him to send any customers so he had sent him along. It's that kind of enthusiasm that will just expand any business. And there's less competition today than there was then; it's just that service is so bad. You don't need a lot to start; you live off the smell of an oily rag and put every cent back into the business.

PLAYBOY: When did you stop being enthusiastic and start being precocious?

SMITH: I always said I didn't have anything, so being precocious wasn't such a bad idea. People used to ask me for credit, but I couldn't do it because I didn't have any

money. No one would accept my credit. Imagine having a name like Dick Smith, having a business in a white elephant of a shopping mall, at a time when the big electrical retailers like H. G. Palmer and Eric Andersons were all going broke. No one would even take a cheque from me, which was great training because it meant I had to get the cash in before I could buy anything.

PLAYBOY: How long did it take you to realise you were on to something?

SMITH: In the first six months I made more money than the prime minister made in a year, so the business boomed from the start, but it took me about six or seven, maybe even eight years before one day we started accumulating money in the bank. And then I remember we used to accumulate millions of dollars just from cash flow alone.

PLAYBOY: Where does that innate business brain come from?

SMITH: I don't know. It's just common sense. Business is so simple. I can't read a balance sheet. People might say, well, here's a bit of false modesty from Dick Smith, but I can't. I know that if you buy something for a dollar and sell it for two dollars, it's 100 percent mark up, and if you live off the smell of an oily rag and don't pay yourself too much, you must be making money. Pretty simple.

PLAYBOY: How have your management ideas changed over the years?

SMITH: It's all just common sense. A friend

once gave me a book about management, and I got about five pages into it. I just couldn't fathom it. It was too intellectual for me. If you have to go to one management course then you've lost it. Forget about it. Give it up. It's born in people. You can't train people to be top managers. I'm horrified with the pathetic management of Australians. It's so bad. I'm rather hoping so that it will jog us into fixing it up, because at the moment we all blame somebody else.

PLAYBOY: You once said that to manage Australians you need to be pushy, forceful, and dynamic.

SMITH: That's right, you have to be. At times you have to be aggressive. I've had managers over the years who've said they would never raise their voice, they just do it and people co-operate. Every one of those guys has failed. It would all be so easy if you didn't have to raise your voice and everyone was a nice guy, but I've never found it works.

PLAYBOY: Is that a comment on Australian workers or Australian managers?

SMITH: It's a comment on human beings. You have to have someone who is prepared to motivate other people. In the army, the old sergeant-major doesn't pussyfoot around. He shouts and yells, "Left, right, left, right."

PLAYBOY: So that's the way you reckon people should be motivated?

SMITH: You have to have a bit each way.

Certainly yelling all the time is a dead loss, but you have to be prepared to be aggressive.

PLAYBOY: Are you suggesting Australians lack motivation and imagination?

SMITH: Australians have had 40 years of the most wonderful times and it's inbred now. It's as if we're allowed to be slack and lazy. We've got this extraordinary country with the most incredible resources. We have good weather 12 months of the year, so we are able to earn a living all year round instead of getting covered in snow and ice, and somehow, because of all that, we've become incredibly lazy. It's almost a genetic part of our make-up. It's good in a way because it means we're unlikely to have a revolution, or a war, but it's bad in a way because now we've got to pull our finger out.

PLAYBOY: How is all this translated in your own business? Where do you draw the line between subtle management and dictatorship?

SMITH: There's no way I would yell at people in a fashion that stops them enjoying their jobs. People only stay with me because they enjoy it. If they last with me for 12 months, they can go out and get a fantastic job anywhere, and I know that, so I have to keep them on side.

PLAYBOY: You're renowned for asking people how they run their businesses. Who have you asked?

SMITH: Everybody. Anyone I could ever

meet. I had dinner with Bob Ansett a while ago and we talked and talked. I read his book, which is fantastic; he's got a lot of clues. I never stop learning. Virtually everything I've done is copied off other people. The whole Dick Smith Electronics way of retailing was based on McDonald's. They were just so successful that we went and talked to them, and we invited Peter Ritchie, the managing director of McDonald's, to sit on the Dick Smith board. He still does. They have a wonderful system of motivating and training staff.

PLAYBOY: So people don't mind telling Dick Smith their secrets?

SMITH: They love to give advice. That's part of why *Australian Geographic* does so well. I knew nothing about publishing, so I went around and asked people for advice, just like I did when I was in the electronics business. I asked everyone I could think of questions about magazines, listened to all the advice, then chose what I thought was the best. Despite what some people have said about my taking advice, then going off and doing my own thing, I don't.

PLAYBOY: Well then, how do you run your business?

SMITH: I have an acronym for it: the word C.A.S.H.E.D. "C" is for communicate: don't have misunderstandings. "A" is for ask. "S" is for simple: if it's complicated, forget about it. "H" is for honesty: it's a terribly important success force. "E" is for enthusiasm: everyone says it's easy for

Dick, he's always like that, but I have my ups and downs just like everyone else. I work at being enthusiastic, even when business is tough. "D" is for discipline: self-discipline, and be prepared to work very hard.

PLAYBOY: Now that you have done all that, how much is the name, the goodwill, of Dick Smith worth?

SMITH: I really haven't got a clue. Woolworths bought my business from me, the name and the face. It's only worth something initially, then, if you don't come up with the goods, it's worthless. Take *Australian Geographic* again: people said it was successful because it had my name on it, but that's rubbish. We got 15,000 subscribers before the magazine ever appeared: that's Dick Smith's name. Now we have 105,000: that's because the magazine is good.

PLAYBOY: In your early electronics days, with all the new gee-whizz gadgetry flooding the market, you must have wondered sometimes who was going to buy any of your stuff.

SMITH: Oh yes, often. That was part of the fun. My attitude was if I could get people to buy something that I would make money out of, that's as good as if those people went off to the pictures, or spent their money on anything else.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any of those gizmos yourself?

SMITH: No. I don't even own a computer. If

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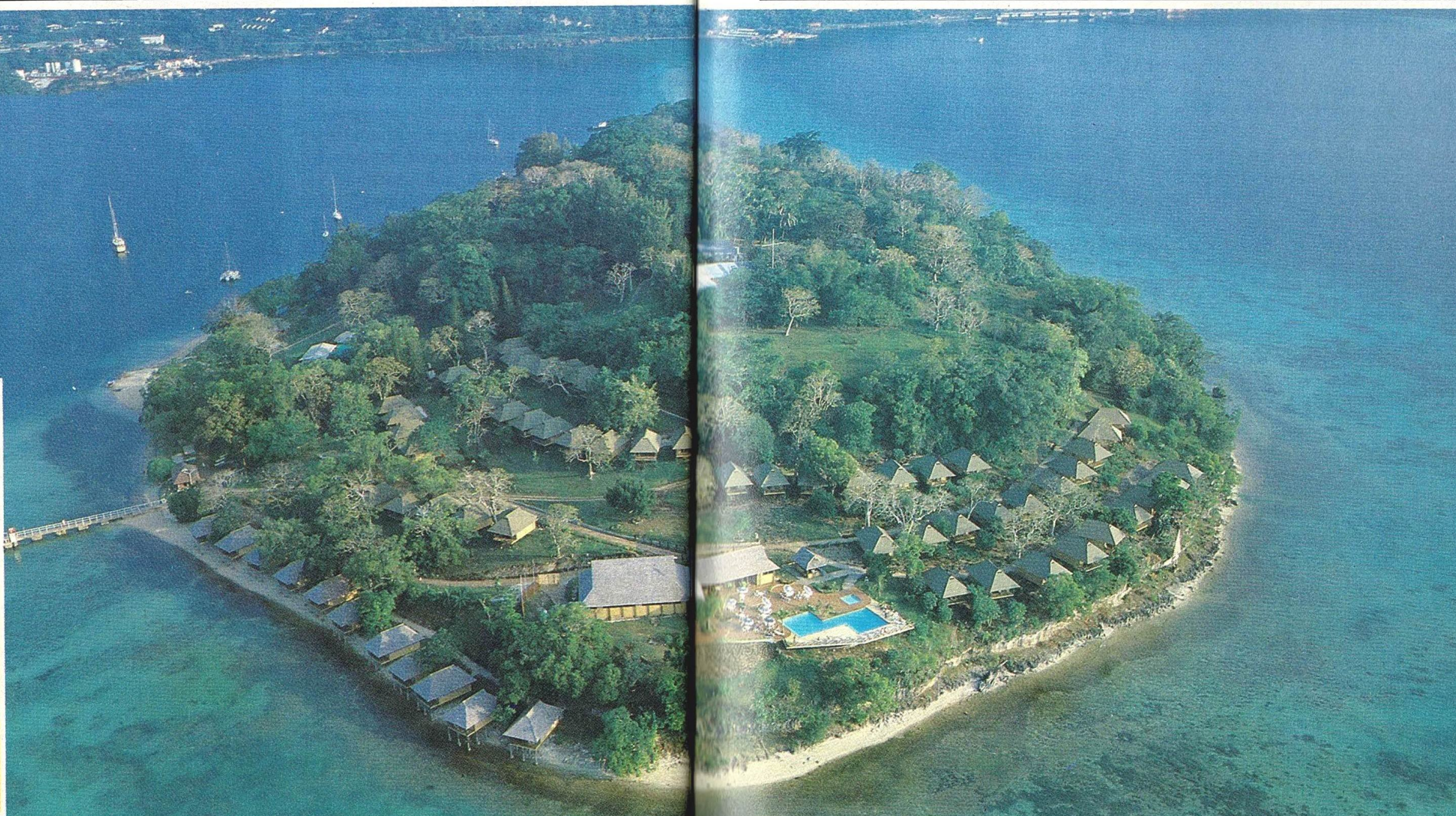
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people ever asked me about, say, buying a home computer, I used to tell them it was a waste of money. But I used to sell vast quantities of them, because I used to say to customers, "If you definitely want one, we sell the cheapest, so if you buy the cheapest, you're wasting less."

PLAYBOY: When did you begin to feel financially secure?

SMITH: I got to 400-500 staff and was making \$10 million net profit a year, and even after I paid all my tax, I didn't know what to do with the rest because I didn't even spend \$100,000 a year. It was also the point when I figured I wanted to do something different. I figured I could sell out, put my money in the bank and a few boring investments — I own a few buildings, but I don't own one stock-market share — and that would be a good investment. I made sure I would have enough to keep me comfortable.

PLAYBOY: When does business stop and the rest of your life begin?

SMITH: It never stops. I involve my family in everything. I get homesick away from them. They go with me as far as possible; my two girls and my wife sit in an Eskimo village north of the Arctic Circle while I head off in my helicopter for the north pole. So they're involved.

PLAYBOY: Is being closer to the event in case of a disaster better than, say, being involved but further away?

SMITH: That's the bad part about it. I suppose people accuse me of being irresponsible, but they would then probably say that if I were a normal businessman and drank and smoked and drove a Ferrari, that's responsible. My attitude is my adventures are my drugs. I have no objection at all to people who are on drugs if they are prepared to pay the costs. And my drug is flying a helicopter over long distances where there is a certain amount of risk. I have to challenge myself to see if I can get away with it, and the fact that there's a chance I mightn't is why I like doing it.

PLAYBOY: Does the challenge of politics tempt you at all?

SMITH: The problem I've got with politics is

that I'm not a party political person. Maybe, when my children grow up, I'll do something in that area, but I'm not sure just how I would fit in. What I would find hard to stomach is having a party line, because I'm an individual. I wonder, too, if party politics is doomed, and that maybe when I'm in a position to do something political, parties won't be around anymore.

PLAYBOY: Is that the whole spectrum of political parties?

SMITH: Yes, I agree with lots of things from every party and disagree with others.

PLAYBOY: Is it time then for a Dick Smith Party?

SMITH: No, that wouldn't happen, because half the people who might be in it wouldn't agree with everything I might want to do. I happen to believe in a capital gains tax. Most of the Liberal people don't. I don't believe in a flat tax; that would mean that Dick Smith would pay less and all the poor people would pay more and I don't believe in that. What I would do is motivate people to get satisfaction out of putting something back into the country. We have a crazy system where a lot of people think that taxation is theft.

PLAYBOY: How do you react to suggestions that you're the kind of person who should be prime minister?

SMITH: Most of the people who might actually say Dick Smith should be PM are ripping off the system left, right and centre and wouldn't vote for me. The trouble is I'd offend just about everybody.

PLAYBOY: How important is the title of Australian Of The Year?

SMITH: It's important because I was asked, and I didn't say yes at first. I wanted to think about it and I did for a couple of weeks, and then I accepted the title because hopefully it would help me in doing some of the things I want to do for this country.

PLAYBOY: The title may be flashed around a fair bit when it is announced in January, but doesn't it fizzle out during the year?

SMITH: I guess so. The media in this country are totally against showing anything positive. It's a characteristic of journalists, mainly; they and newspaper owners and publishers

believe the public is interested only in failures and catastrophes and murders, and not really interested in positive things. It's been so for the past 10 years. What the media haven't realised is that times have changed. Now we're worried we're not the best and not doing so well and we want to hear some of the positive things. The other thing about the media not wanting to know about me as Australian Of The Year is because of my stand to have an open and public go at publishers who run cigarette advertisements directed at kids. That embarrasses them tremendously.

PLAYBOY: You like having a dig at the corporate world, don't you?

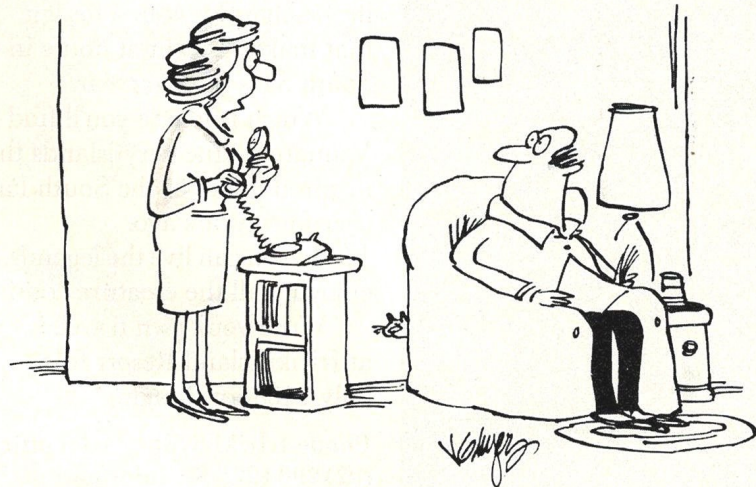
SMITH: Of course I do. The press can be so self-righteous about anybody doing anything wrong but, oh no, they'll run cigarette ads. They talk about freedom of the press and running everything without fear or favor. So I write an anti-ad advertisement that says newspaper publishers are advertising cigarettes and that's getting children to smoke, and it's rejected because they claim it's defamatory against newspaper publishers. So, get a load of this: advertising cigarettes is freedom of the press but drawing attention to it is against the law.

PLAYBOY: You have also been associated with conservation issues, and they come and go around the country a fair bit. Where are the flashpoints now?

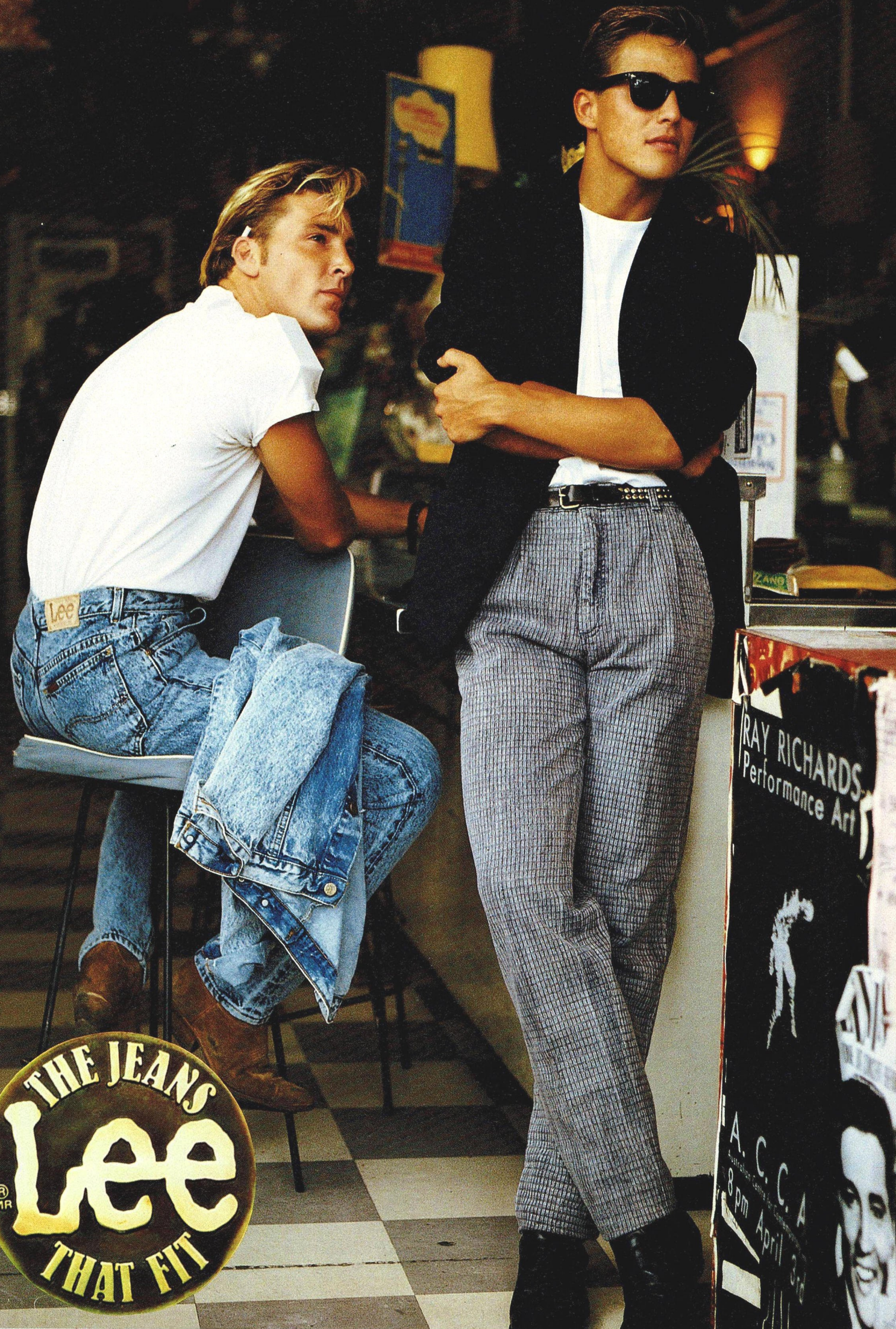
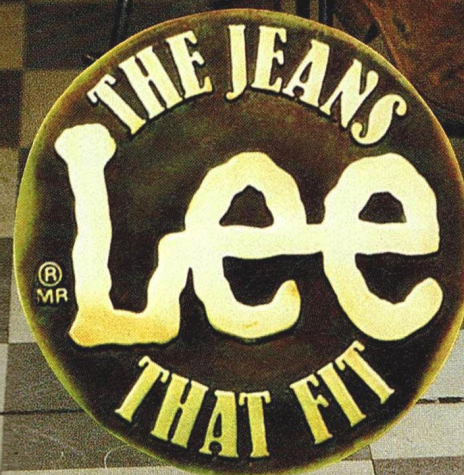
SMITH: I've been more conservative about conservation issues lately, because I can't do everything, and if I get involved in too many things people start to say that Dick Smith is really this do-gooder type. It's quite a pity you can be put down as a do-gooder in this country. The other thing about keeping up with conservation matters is you need to have a great deal of knowledge about the issues when they arise, and I just don't have the time. I was an expert on South-West Tasmania and the Franklin River because I'd walked there, I had rafted it, I knew it, and I knew that it was an area we could afford to keep. We're in a fortunate position in Australia to be wealthy enough to be able to keep a number of wilderness areas. I don't believe the untruth that many in the conservation movement hold to, and that is their stand isn't going to cost a thing. It's likely in most cases that conservation of wilderness areas like the Franklin does have a cost, but we should all be prepared to pay for it. The same thing goes for woodchipping: I would prefer to see the planting of eucalypts in marginal farmland instead of cutting down native forests, but it costs more. If it costs every Australian taxpayer an extra dollar a year to save our forests, then let's have a survey to see whether they would pay it. Most people would say yes.

PLAYBOY: But what do you say, face to face, to the guy who just lost his job as a tree-feller because you want to save a piece of land from the chop?

(continued on page 116)



"It's the finance company. They say if you don't come up with the last six payments on the car God'll call you home."



*Were the Americans behind the coup
that toppled the Fijian government?*

strangers in paradise

**“I am positive that these
Fijian soldiers, these so-called
Fijian soldiers who invaded
our parliament, were in fact
US marines.”**

16 June 1987.

THIS STARTLING CLAIM comes from Noor Dean, Deputy Speaker of the deposed Bavadra government. A third generation Indo-Fijian, Noor Dean graduated from Grays Inn, London, as a barrister in 1980 and was serving his first term as a member of the Fijian parliament as part of the National Federation and Labor Party coalition government when the political stability of Fiji was shattered by Colonel Rabuka's military coup of May 14.

In an interview with us, Noor Dean described the scene in parliament at the time of the coup.

14 May 1987, 9.30am: “At the completion of a member's maiden speech, which culminated in the words, ‘... comes from the barrel of the gun’, out stepped Colonel Rabuka, dressed in a tie and coat; immediately following him sprung 10 members of what looked like, initially, the Royal Military Fijian Forces.”

With pistols and rifles cocked, Rabuka and his men hustled the 27-member Bavadra cabinet

Article by
MARK LILLYMAN and MAX WATTS



down the parliament stairs and into two waiting trucks, which took them to the Queen Elizabeth army barracks.

"However," said Noor Dean, "the behavior of these soldiers was not akin to what normally I would associate with the average Fijian soldier."

The Bavadra ministers were interned for six days following the coup. During that time, Noor Dean noted the Fijian soldiers who were now "breathing down their necks" were not the same as those gas-masked and balaclavaed soldiers who had entered the parliament behind Rabuka.

"Although they were black, they were dark, there was a marked difference in their physique, their actions, the way they behaved, and they did not speak to us. All they did was gesture to us ... push us."

The Minister for Education, Dr Tupeni Baba, an army officer and a Vietnam veteran, attempted to talk to the soldiers in Fijian, but there was no response. They did not seem to understand him.

Dean's trip to Sydney coincided with a visit by a US Navy and Marine Corps task force. It was only then, when he saw black

US marines walking the streets of Sydney, that the penny dropped. "They had the same build, the same pattern of walking, and actions ... as the men who had entered our parliament," he said.

The question that immediately springs to mind is why soldiers involved in a coup should need to disguise themselves. It sounds unprecedented, for in the event of failure, no balaclava would help them.

Nor was Rabuka masked in any way.

But American participation in this military coup? In Australia's backyard? And in any case, how could US marines have got to Fiji?

Information which has recently come to light indicates such soldiers may have arrived in Fiji two days before the coup. Fijian airport customs and immigration officials have stated that on May 12 a US C-130 military transport plane touched down at Nadi Airport with 15 black US marines on board. Airport records note the plane left approximately 36 hours after the May 14 coup.

Noor Dean was baffled by this information. "Prior to this there was no inkling

that any American soldiers would come into the country," he said "American military planes have only come to Fiji after a cyclone has hit and we need supplies, support, relief, etc."

According to Dean, normally the Bavadra government should have known of this flight. The deposed Minister for Foreign Affairs and Civil Aviation, Krishna Datt, was unaware of the existence of this plane. Fijian administration procedures ensure the aviation minister is informed of the presence of any visiting military aircraft. Why was this particular arrival hushed up?

8 June 1987, Nausori Airport, 16km from Suva, 10pm: Another American C-130 transport touches down. This time all civilian airport personnel are kept at a distance. All servicing of the plane, refuelling and unloading is carried out by Fijian military. Several vans bearing Red Cross signs meet the plane, boxes and crates marked with red crosses are unloaded. According to civilian airport personnel who managed to observe some of what was going on, there were up to 50 US marines on this plane. Where they went and what became of them could not be ascertained. However, other Fijian sources state that Hotel Takia, in Labasa, on Vanua Levu island, has been "sealed off and placed under a Red Cross sign".

General Vernon Walters, a senior member of President Reagan's cabinet, arrived in Fiji on April 30, on the last leg of a seven-nation Pacific tour. During his visit he held talks with the newly elected Fijian Foreign Minister, Krishna Datt, to discuss problems arising from the Bavadra government's decision to introduce a ban on nuclear-powered and nuclear-armed warships. During these discussions, General Walters casually suggested a courtesy visit by an American hospital ship.

Krishna Datt, anxious to prevent any further deterioration of relations with the United States, accepted this proposition. After all, a hospital ship would not carry nuclear, or indeed any, arms.

In late June the US hospital ship *TAH-19 Mercy* arrived, all 93,000 tonnes deadweight of her: 276 metres long, almost as big as the famous *Queen Mary*. The *Mercy* is normally staffed by 65 civilians, 820 navy medics, and 38 navy support men. According to calls from Suva, this time her crew includes armed marines. Planned visits by Fijian medical personnel to the hospital ship have been cancelled without explanations.

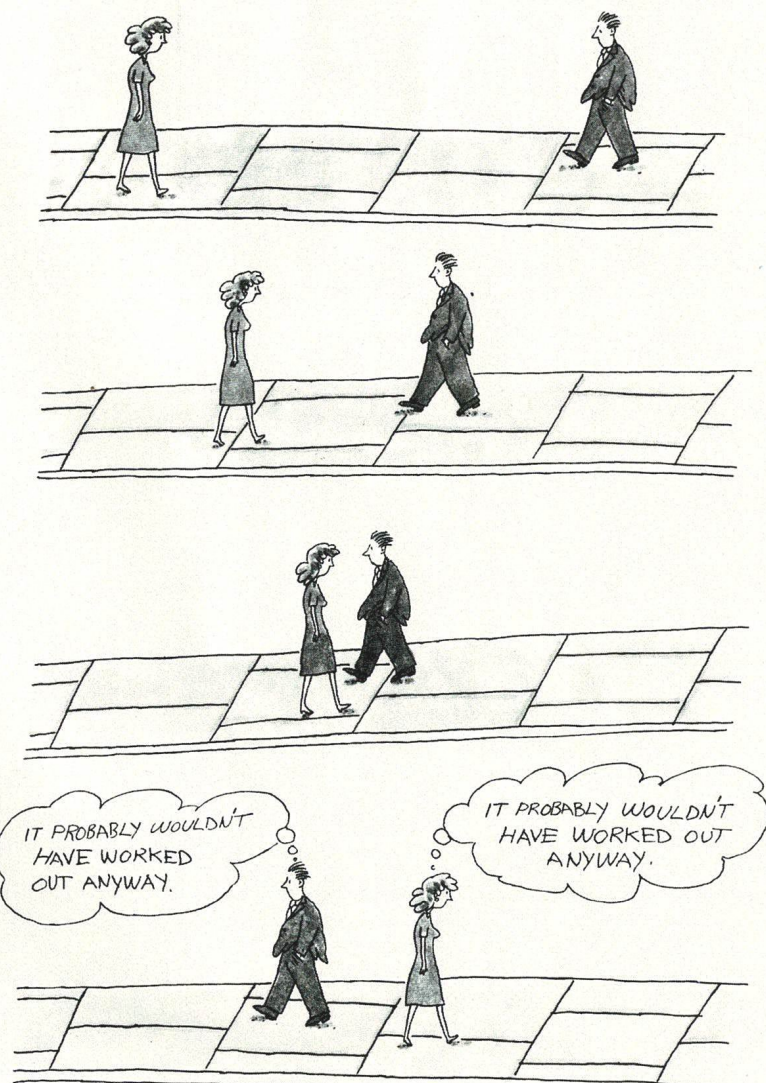
Why has a ship of these dimensions been sent to Fiji in the first place?

This question even had US Secretary of State George Shultz, on his recent visit to Australia with US Defence Secretary Caspar Weinberger, searching for an answer.

23 June 1987: "We do have a...er...a, a
(continued on page 112)



"The emperor, pleased with your performance lately, has requested you have some variety."



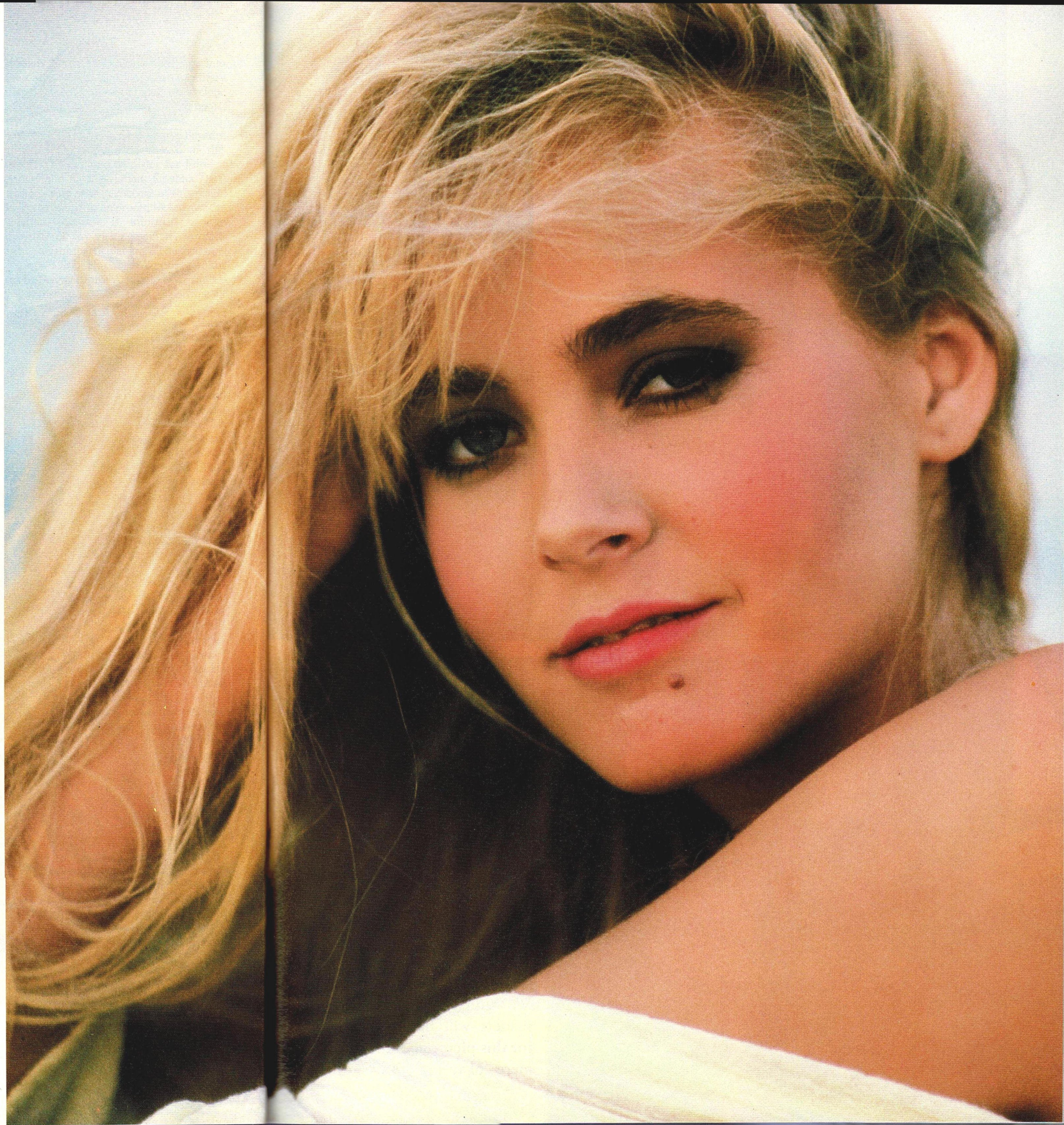
P.C. VEY

SAY, GWEN!



Gwen Hajek has blossomed from a rangy tomboy into a dangerously curvy young woman.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG





A self-confessed tom-boy who says she didn't wear a dress until she was nearly 15, voluptuous Gwen Hajek had never modelled until she was selected to appear in *Playboy*. "It's been like a crash course in modelling techniques for me," she says, "so I hope the pictures have come out okay!" We think, Gwen, that our readers will find superlatives for this pictorial, rather than a mere "okay"!



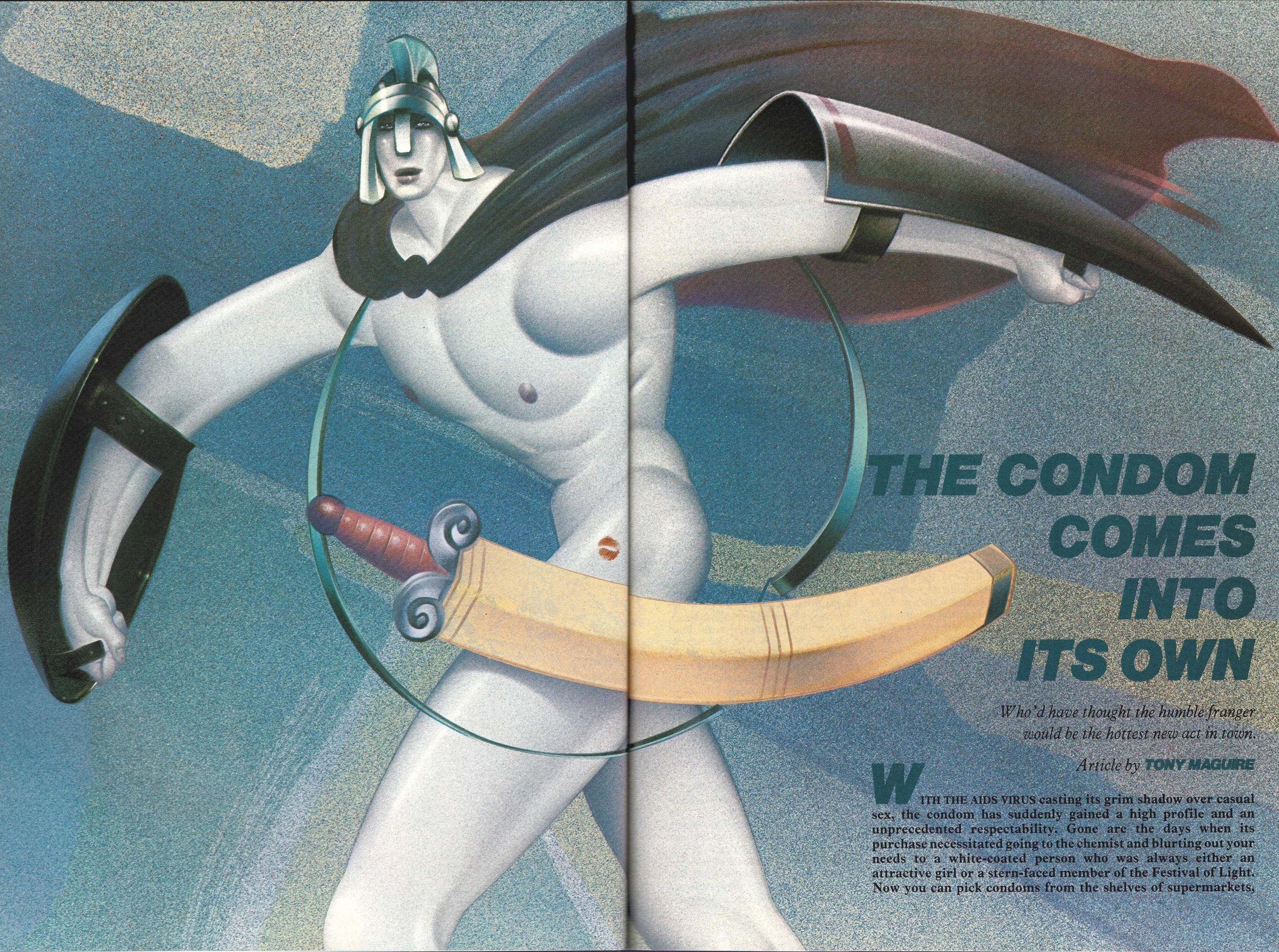


Gwen admits she'd like to go to technical college and study for a career position. Since leaving school she's had jobs as a door-to-door insurance salesperson, a wall-paper hanger and a fire-risk surveyor for an insurance company. "Just for the moment I'm taking things day by day," she says. "It's all a learning experience." Twenty-year-old Gwen is reticent about her private life but says she gets along better with men than women. "Females are so competitive," she declares.





Forgive us for being sceptical, but Gwen is adamant that she was thin and flat-chested when she started high school. "But then, suddenly, I began to fill out very fast," she says, "and at the same time, I began to get, well, *girlish*. I'd always been a tomboy. But, for instance, the summer I turned 14, I was suddenly afraid of bugs, though I'd never been afraid of bugs before. I thought, what's *happening* to me? Then I gradually got used to it. But I still didn't think of myself as pretty until I won a beauty contest held at my high school."



THE CONDOM COMES INTO ITS OWN

*Who'd have thought the humble franger
would be the hottest new act in town.*

Article by **TONY MAGUIRE**

WITH THE AIDS VIRUS casting its grim shadow over casual sex, the condom has suddenly gained a high profile and an unprecedented respectability. Gone are the days when its purchase necessitated going to the chemist and blurting out your needs to a white-coated person who was always either an attractive girl or a stern-faced member of the Festival of Light. Now you can pick condoms from the shelves of supermarkets,

corner stores and petrol stations.

Australian manhood, on easy street since the early 1960s when our women became the world's biggest Pill users, is rediscovering the dubious joys of condoms, also known as french letters, frenchies, frogs, frangers, rubbers, rubber johnnies and wetcorks (the last being an actual brand which became a generic name).

Condoms have been around for thousands of years. There are erotic cave paintings in Combarelles, France, which show a man who appears to be wearing some kind of sheath.

The ancient Egyptians used condoms to guard against sexually transmitted tropical diseases such as bilharzia. For many centuries, disease protection remained the prime purpose of condoms. There's a

reference to this in Greek mythology where the Cretan god Minos employs a goat's bladder to protect his lover, Prokris, from the "serpents and scorpions" in his semen. Condoms made from animal viscera were also favored by the ancient Romans, while in the east, the Chinese were making them from oiled silk paper. The Japanese devised something called the kabatu gata, a tortoiseshell or leather helmet covering just the glans of the penis.

The person who supposedly popularised condoms as a means of birth control is Charles II of England (1630-85). Concerned at his expanding brood of illegitimate children, he instructed a doctor of his court to come up with a solution. The physician prepared a piece of lamb's intestine, suitably cleaned and softened, and that did

the job for randy Charles.

During the 18th century, condoms became readily available in England, being sold at bawdy houses and by street corner prostitutes. On the European continent, they were occasionally marketed by nuns, if the writings of Casanova are to be believed. The great lover wrote how he bought a stock of "English riding coats" from a nun in Vienna, but confessed he didn't enjoy them because they felt like dead skin. It seems Casanova always tested condoms by blowing air into them — the same method used today by manufacturers.

Where the word condom originated has been the subject of learned debate. Some etymologists have suggested it was the surname of the doctor who helped out Charles II, others have argued that it surely must be linked with the town of Condom in France, while another school of thought believes in a derivation from the Persian word *kemdu* which refers to a long vessel made from animal gut.

Scholars have been more successful in their quest to pinpoint when the word first popped up in the English language. The first known English usage of it was in the writings of a physician in 1717. It was spelled *condum* in those days. In 1785, it was given official acceptance in a dictionary of London street slang. By that time, the animal gut prophylactics had become so popular a condom warehouse had opened in the Strand, owned and operated by a Mrs Phillips.

Some surviving gut condoms made between 1790 and 1810 were inspected by an English contraceptive researcher in the 1950s. They were found to have a thickness (or double thickness, to be precise) of .038 mm. That compares with .11, which is the double thickness of the typical modern rubber condom. In other words, the animal gut condoms of old were almost three times as thin.

If you want to try an animal gut condom, you still can. Two brands manufactured today are Fourex and Naturelamb. Apparently, they're imported into Australia but I didn't see them at any of the Sydney retailers I talked to for this article. Perhaps they're more popular in country areas.

We've diverted slightly from the history of condoms, but there isn't much more to tell. In 1844, Goodyear and Hancock perfected the vulcanisation process for rubber. It wasn't long before rubber condoms were being produced at a fraction of the gut variety's price.

Despite the relatively low cost of rubber condoms, they were designed for personal recycling. After casting your seed, you washed your condom and dusted it with French chalk for fresh use. Condoms weren't lubricated in those days and they were much thicker than modern ones.

The condom remained a heavy duty item until quite recently. Tony Carp is managing director of RCR Rubber, a Melbourne

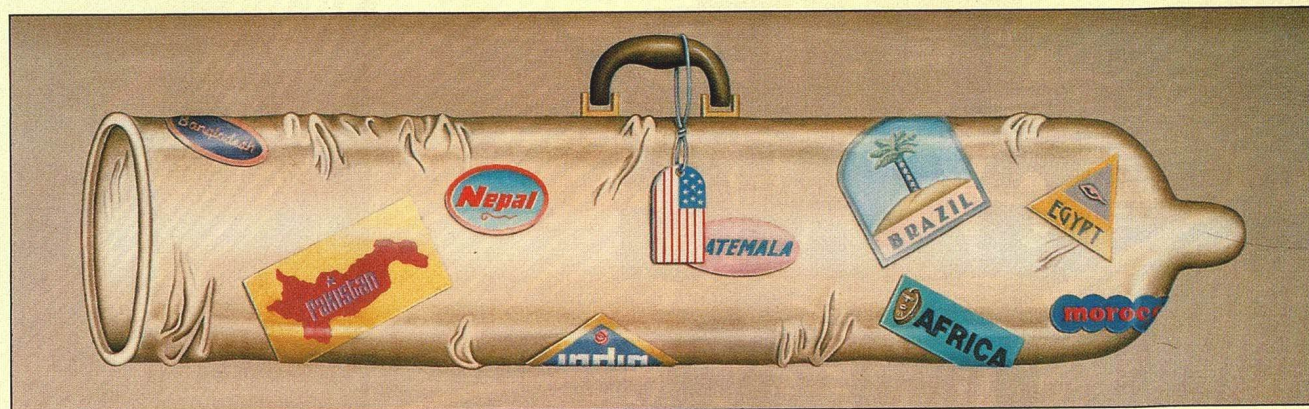


ILLUSTRATION BY SANDRA HENDLER

AUSSIE CONDOM MAKERS MEASURE UP

There are couples in places as far-flung as Zambia in Africa and Zamboanga in the Philippines wearing rubbers from a Down Under manufacturer. An Australian company, Ansell International, a subsidiary of Pacific Dunlop, has the world's largest condom contract. Its American factories supply rubbers to the US State Department which distributes them as part of a family planning program to Asia, Latin America and Africa. Some 600 million condoms are distributed

annually through this network, and it's estimated that Ansell accounted for some 20 percent of the two-billion-plus condoms produced around the world in 1986. Ansell currently holds some 75 percent of the 20 million-strong Australian condom market and its two biggest-selling lines are Lifestyles and Chekmate. Eighty percent of condoms sold in Australia are bought from chemists; the other 20 percent are distributed through milkbars, supermarkets, corner stores, bottle

shops, service stations and vending machines. In 1986, Ansell's retail dollar value of condom sales rose by some 35 percent, and there was a 22 percent growth in the number of packets sold. Sources predict that Ansell could produce as many as one billion condoms this financial year, meaning a break through the \$A3 billion mark in worldwide sales. However, as one Ansell spokesman cautioned, "Break through is not a term we like to use in the condom industry."

company which manufactured condoms in the 1950s and '60s. Later it was Australian agent for British condom giant Durex for several years. Carp says, "When I started the company, the condoms we made were of thick rubber and completely dry. Our

factory didn't have air-conditioning and there were hot, dusty days when we had to throw out 40 percent of our production."

Carp doesn't believe all the foreign condom manufacturers exporting to Australia today are so particular. He cites the

recent recall by the federal health department of a Korean condom called Safe And Sure. There had been complaints from armed service personnel that it was not living up to its name. RCR Rubber is now agent for a Japanese condom range, Crest. These are rigorously tested by air inflation and Carp says they have a bursting point of 40 litres. A condom blown up to the volume of 20 wine flagons must make an awesome sight — yet Carp says Crest are ultra-thin.

Crest is being marketed through a range of retail outlets other than chemists, who Carp complains are "sewn up" by the big companies such as Ansell and Durex. RCR also has a vending machine operation selling the hardware for around \$600. Most of the machines are in place at universities and other tertiary education institutions in Melbourne. The vending machine condoms cost \$1 for a packet of two, which Carp says gives the machine owner a 100 percent mark-up if stocks are purchased from his company.

Another Melbourne company active in the vending machine area, Miami Coin, sells condom machines to people who install them in any number of places, according to managing director Ron Laski.

At the time of writing, condom machines were illegal in Queensland, Tasmania and Western Australia. Says Laski, "Queensland won't have a bar of it, Tasmania still hasn't amended the legislation, although they've said they're going to, and WA is

(continued on page 114) 53

RIGID CONSUMER TESTING FOR CONDOMS

Dr John Gerofi could be considered Australia's condom "guru". He's a learned authority on the humble prophylactic, having overseen countless tests and helped devise the national standard. An engineer by trade (which is not all that inappropriate when you think about it), his involvement with condoms goes back to the early 1970s, when he conducted tests on various brands as part of a series of sex education articles. He subsequently joined the Standards Association's committee on mechanical contraceptives.

The national standard for condoms worked out by Gerofi and his colleagues is one of the most rigorous in the world. Samples are pumped up with 12 litres of air, then filled with 300ml of water and rolled on a flat surface to check for holes.

Gerofi has supervised two rounds of condom tests for *Choice* magazine. The latest trials took place earlier this year. Gerofi tested the bursting point of several condom brands in combination with the lubricants commonly used in the gay community. Protex Man Form Plus didn't stand up too well, while Chekmate performed like a trouper (interestingly, Chekmate failed in the *Choice* survey of 1982).

A co-author of the recent *Choice* article, Sydney epidemiologist Mary-Louise McLaws, questioned the relevancy of the inflation test. She suggested that a more suitable method of assessing condoms would be through "field trials" by volunteer couples. Gerofi doesn't see that idea as being practical. He maintains that the inflation test is the best means available of checking

condom safety. He does, however, regard the size of condoms as something of an industry short-fall. He says the average condom is 104mm in circumference, with a minimum length of 160mm (if you don't think in metrics when it comes to penis sizes, that's 4 and 6.3in).

Gerofi says there's not much divergence from that condom size, even though a lot of men may be substantially smaller or larger. He is therefore going to supervise a series of tests to establish how Aussie men measure up in that vitally regarded area.

Just where the volunteers will be found, Gerofi wouldn't say. Bearing in mind the penises of the men being measured would need to be erect, there would have to be a good incentive to partake in the survey.

But Gerofi says, "We don't anticipate any trouble getting volunteers. The important thing is to get a good spread of Europeans and Asians. It's been suggested Asian men have smaller penises, and the dimensions of condoms sold in Japan and other Asian countries reflect that. Depending on what sort of spread in sizes we get, it could prompt manufacturers to put different-sized condoms on the market. There is no other product where the one size suits all."

If condoms of different dimensions are marketed as such, it will be all very well for the well-endowed. But imagine the shame of going into a chemist shop or other retail outlet and asking for a small-sized condom.

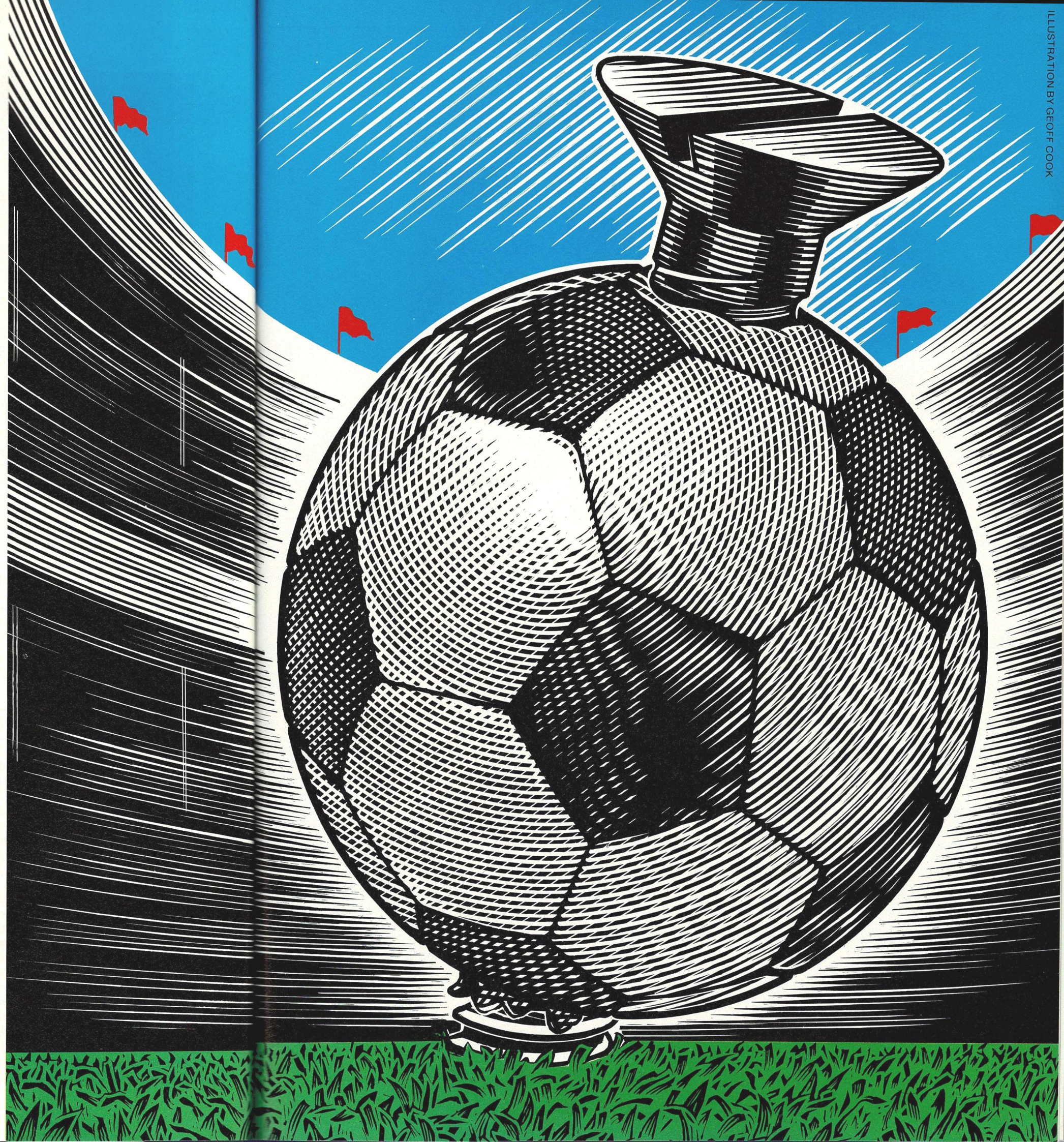
"The small ones could be marked regular, then you could have large and extra-large," he suggests.

THE GANG THAT COULDN'T SHOOT STRAIGHT

*A former club director tells who
kicked the stuffing out of
Australian soccer.*

DO YOU REMEMBER a movie called *The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight*? It was a true story about a mafia feud between two New York factions who made the business of wreaking havoc and murdering people twice as interesting by continually screwing up. If somebody needed car-bombing, you could back these guys to hit the wrong one. If an opponent had to be rubbed out, chances were the hit men would eliminate half of Brooklyn and still miss their target. The only safe bet about this operation was that you could usually rely on these boys to shoot themselves in the foot. Sport has an equivalent of *The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight*. It is Australian Soccer and I know it (continued on page 108)

SPORT BY
ANDREW STAVROS*





THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING BON JOVI

Can slippery rock give love a bad name?

Music by TIMOTHY WHITE

"H AS SOMEBODY GOT a coathanger?! Quick! Hear me?! Bon Jovi needs a coathanger! This is an emergency! *Lissun* to me!! This girl outside, she — I need a coathanger for Mr

Jon Bon Jovi!" The husky man in black is barrelling through the corridors of WSHE-FM, the South Florida rock radio station, declaiming his distress.

Two startled young men poke their heads out of somewhere. "Jon!" yelps the willowy one to his puggish pal: "We can't have that guy running past a live microphone screaming that Bon Jovi needs a fucking coathanger!" He tugs at the front of his frayed HEDONISM II T-shirt. "Think about it, man. Our image with parents of chicks in this state is bad enough without people getting that kinda announcement over the airwaves!"

"Outta my hands," says his lion-maned companion, Jon Bon Jovi, dressed in blue Adidas stretch pants and matching tank-top, and rubbing his cleft chin — the trademark punctuation of his Mediterranean good looks.

Bon Jovi picks up an issue of *Billboard* and begins thumbing through it, calmly thinking out loud.

"I tell you, I couldn't sleep last night. Too many girls outside the hotel screaming like crazy. Jeez! So I sat up listening to *Hank Williams's Greatest Hits Vol II*." The Williams song that finally took Jon's horny mind off his

fortissimo female fans, he says, was *Mansion On The Hill*, largely because it struck Jon that no less an artist than Bruce Springsteen may have got the idea for "that song on *Nebraska*, *Mansion On The Hill*, directly from Hank — the concept, the title! People say I steal — hell, I borrow. I love Springsteen as much as anybody, but the next time somebody tries to tell me he's a complete original..."

It seems the insomniac Bon Jovi seeks a *Billboard*-like tally sheet to buttress his own humbler borrowings. Alas, art is not the business of keeping score.

He pauses, looks up at his jumpy friend as the hanger entreaty resounds in the background, and shrugs. "Completely outta" — a small, growing grin — "my hands."

It's a sun-swept Saturday at WSHE-FM 103.5 in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, on St Valentine's weekend — traditional prelude to Easter break in the edgy 1980s. Heavy cruising along beaches and breakwaters from Miami Beach to Hollywood, Florida, is already bumper-to-bumper berserk and every dashboard radio and ghetto blaster along the 40km seaboard stretch has been synchronised for the just-concluded live chit-chat with singer Jon Bon Jovi and guitarist/sidekick Richie Sambora. And now it's time to slip into the limo, and head back to the hotel until concert time. But, no, that's where one overwrought nymph, trying to seal herself up inside, has accidentally locked everybody, including herself, out. Hence, the frantic search for a wire hanger. Soon, a chauffeur springs the door and these cowboys are on their way.

The brief interview was one more dash of genial hucksterism for a sold-out concert at the local sports arena by Bon Jovi, the biggest new American band since the advent of another coliseum-filling "hard metal" act that carries its leader's last name: Van Halen.

Hard metal is a pop merger of hard rock blare and heavy metal bluster whose greatest identifiable traits are any identifiable traits at all, eg Eddie Van Halen's ferocious guitar virtuosity, Sammy Hagar's adenoidal howl, or Jon Bon Jovi's splendidly whooping goodtime warble served up on such likeably loutish roadhouse fare as *Runaway*, *In And Out Of Love*, *You Give Love A Bad Name*, *Living On A Prayer*, and *Wanted: Dead Or Alive*.

Still, it's neither the rock-hard material nor Jon's pealing pipes that have enabled him to notch several consecutive Number One singles from *Slippery When Wet*, the 10-million-selling album that knocked Bruce Springsteen & The E Street Band 1975-1985 out of the peak slot in the American record surveys. Bon Jovi's massive acceptance isn't rooted in its musical prowess, although Richie Sambora is a reasonably dextrous guitarist, Tico "Hit-Man" Torres a flinty drummer and Alec John Such and Dave Bryan are more

than facile on bass and keyboards, respectively. It isn't the recklessly choreographed stage show, either, in which Jon soars savagely on a Peter Pan wire, while the band weaves an elastic net of sportive stridency below.

No, the key elements in Bon Jovi's recent popularity ride are, in ascending order, the sloppy grin on Jon's mug, made ubiquitous by non-stop touring and innumerable bedroom beefcake pin-ups of himself; the fact (which he gleefully volunteers) that his group's handle "sounds like some sort of jeans or spaghetti sauce"; and, most of all, the corkscrew hair twisting across his rippling 25-year-old chest.

The bashful but game Jon Bon Jovi (baptised John Bongiovi) is strong evidence, both symbolic and actual, that rock'n'roll primacy — despite the majority of rock headliners who are a tad long in the tooth, stiff in the ligaments and soft in the saddle — remains the province of newly exploding hormones amid the freedom-with-licence to exploit them.

Bon Jovi fans, particularly ones from borderline-rural American suburbs like Jon's own Sayreville, New Jersey, fiercely identify with his apparent hormonal ferment and, in concert, cheer his every celebratory Muff Dive (a Bon Jovi-concocted quaff, equal parts vodka, peach schnapps and cranberry juice, fast emerging in the States as a juke bar staple). While the guys in Bon Jovi's audience can easily if wishfully see themselves in Jon's good fortune, the girls, well, they envision Jon in bed.

Rock'n'roll is one livelihood without a heritage of proprieties. That the four horny instrumentalists who support the band leader in Bon Jovi's eager enterprises are voluntarily becoming minor characters is owed largely to the fact that most are slightly older, more worldly-wise, and they're getting a flamboyantly undisguised charge out of showing the kid the ropes.

"When we met Jon," says Richie Sambora, "we saw, for a change, an unjaded, professional young guy who knows and lives his business. We gave up wives, girlfriends, homes, you name it, to go 250 km/h with him toward the end zone."

Heard this speech before? Uh-uh. Except when Howling Wolf, Muddy Waters, Jimi Hendrix and Brian Wilson expressed the need to excel, their soliloquies had none of the language you hear in investment banking. True rock'n'roll demands purity of purpose in some visceral category or other.

"The song, *Wanted: Dead Or Alive*, is about the way we live," Sambora continues. "We are modern-day cowboys — we ride into town, put on a show, take the money, hit the bar, take the ladies, and we're gone. And we do the same thing the next night in another place. The fans want to take a piece of us home, and their parents, they wanna throw us in jail, see us hung." He shrugs

happily, nudging Jon, "So we're wanted: dead or alive."

"I don't mind," Jon says brightly. "No complaints here." Is this backhanded affirmation the trickle from an actual wellspring of creative passion? Where does Bon Jovi get its inspiration for such songs as *You Give Love A Bad Name* or the more pointed *Social Disease*?

"The gutter," Jon assures me straight-faced. Even in this era of feckless sybarites and deflated debauchees, Bon Jovi's true quest it seems is for females who are professional cowgirls, ones who know and live *their* business.

"That," Jon smirks, "has a lot to do with why we named the album *Slippery When Wet*."

"We gave Bon Jovi the best table in the house. They made this place their headquarters while they recorded *Slippery When Wet*," says Eric Polson, 23, manager of Vancouver's leading strip club, the No 5 Orange Showroom Pub and Hotel on Main Street.

"In early '86, the guys would come in every night, order hamburgers and a drink from our 30 different kinds of scotch and 60 imported beers," Polson elaborates, proudly gesturing around the oak and brass-appointed nightclub. "We made them feel at home. The No 5 is not like the unpleasant strip clubs you usually see in the States. Our strippers are recruited from the finest dancers in Canada, and our clientele includes the best Vancouver business people and visiting foreign executives, as well as other dignitaries who are in town. The girls take the stage from an elevated area that leads directly from the dressing room, so there's a great view from everywhere in the room, but normally there is no mixing with the customers."

Normally?

"Well, see, the girls would come out before and after their acts to hang out with Jon and the band, help them unwind." Which is a polite way of saying that Norma Jean, Jesse, Cybelle, Laurie, Jamie and Evelyn went out of their way in every blood-rushing sense to help these boys reach their avowed end zone with all pistons firing. Whenever they appeared on the raised strip platform to spotlight their attributes, the darlings put an extra half-twist of zeal in their peel to please the randy rockers crawling over the front table. Afterwards, they nuzzled with the light-headed lads over cocktails, reacquainting them with a time-honored tenet of the rock life: What you don't see, ask for.

If Jon and his colleagues somehow lacked imagination when it came to informal applications of these girls' vocational verve, they were suitably galvanised, Eric Polson assures, "by Evelyn and Laurie, who do the 'shower act'."

"You don't know about the shower

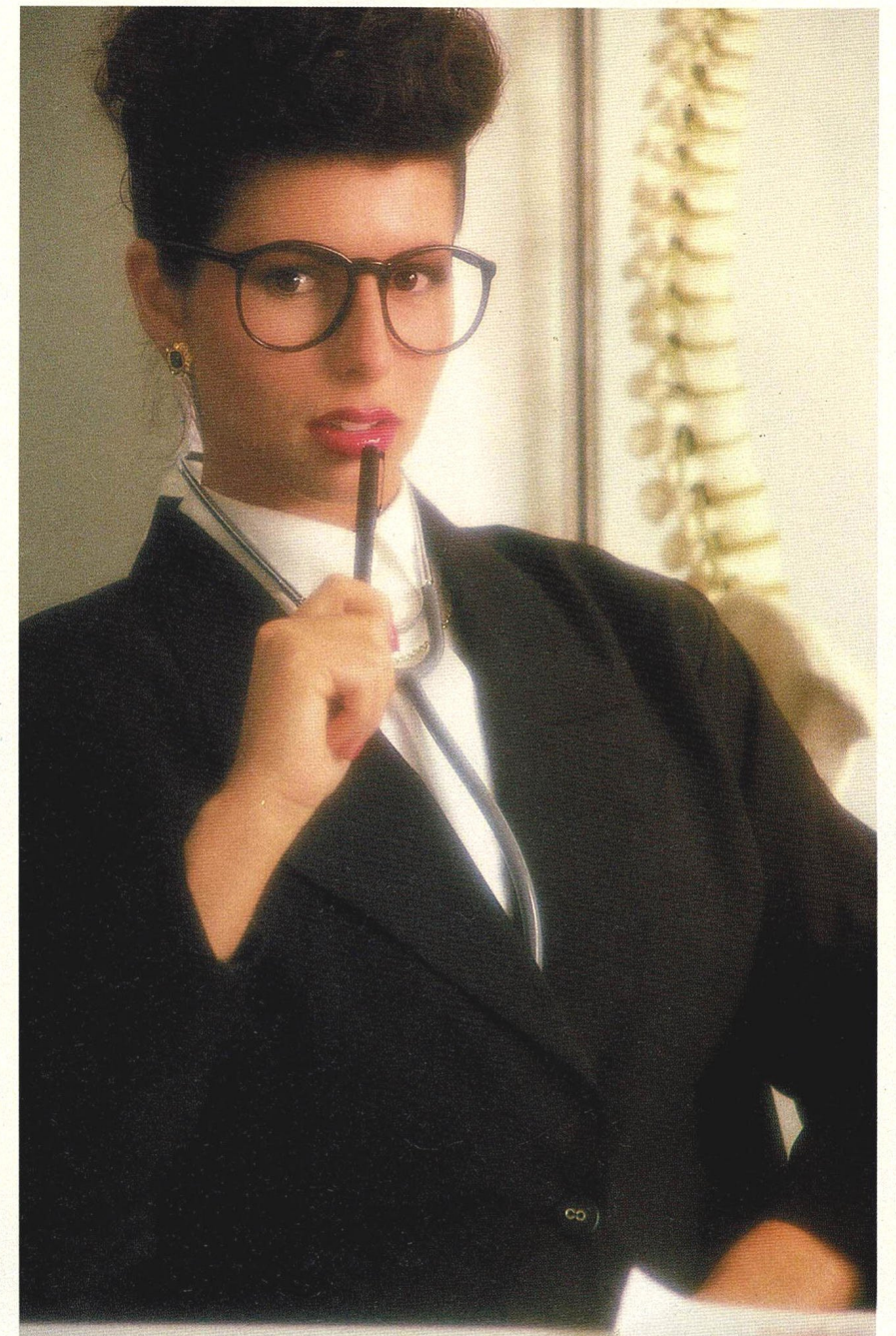
(continued on page 104)



"Your restaurant requires me to make a reservation five months in advance and in the meantime I've acquired an ulcer, a new wife, and my business is bankrupt... and now you tell me you're out of baby quail and polenta!"

Dedini

PRIVATE PRACTICE



Gorgeous Gina Williams can
play doctors with us any time she
likes.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANIEL NOLAN



Rockhampton nurse Gina Williams loves the medical profession. She's been nursing for five years and although she has the looks to be a successful model, she's content to continue caring for patients. Now, we've all heard about patients getting crushes on nurses in uniform, but Gina reveals that many nurses have fantasies about doctors. "This *Australian Playboy* pictorial was a way of living out my fantasies," she reveals. "I could pretend I was alone in the doctor's surgery, waiting for him. It was a very sexy theme for the shoot but I still felt comfortable surrounded by a familiar environment."





As a child, Gina moved around Queensland with her family before they settled in Rockhampton. Out of hospital hours, she spends time weight-training at the gym, running and cycling. She also loves horse-riding with friends, reading, and dancing to live rock bands. "I have no great ambitions," says Gina, "although I'd like to travel around Europe and maybe live in a large city for a while." Romance could be on the horizon, too, if Gina can track down her ideal man. The successful contender must be energetic and fun-loving, with nice eyes, a quick wit and plenty of physical appeal. A doctor, perhaps? "You never know," grins the enigmatic Miss Williams.







Gina Williams

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Gina Williams
BUST: 93cm (37") WAIST: 68cm (27") HIPS: 89cm (35")
HEIGHT: 165cm WEIGHT: 56kg
BIRTH DATE: 20/8/64 SIGN: leo



AMBITIONS: To always try and do my best by my career and my friends

TURN-ONS: Wearing sexy lingerie, lying naked on a warm deserted beach, Men's aftershave, fast cars and bikes

TURN-OFFS: Crowded streets and shops. People who don't prove to be real friends.

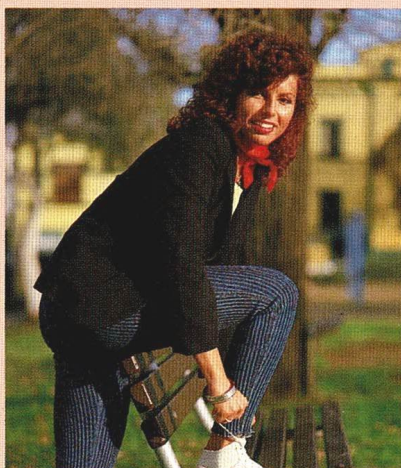
FAVORITE BOOKS: Any book by Leigh Nichols or Wilbur Smith; Linda Goodman's - 'Sunsigns'

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: David Bowie, Ellen Foley, Goldie Hawn and Eddie Murphy

FAVORITE SPORTS: Sweating it out in gym; horse riding

IDEAL MAN: Someone who I'll see and instantly want to get to know. Physically appealing, life loving, generous

SECRET FANTASY: To drive a Lamborghini and to travel around Europe.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES



The jackeroo sat on the verandah while the midwife attended his wife in the rather primitive staff quarters of his boss's property. Suddenly, the midwife shouted, "Bring the kerosene lamp. The baby's coming!"

He ran in with the lamp and held it while his wife gave birth to a girl. Then he headed outside again.

As he was about to sit down, the midwife shouted, "Bring the lamp back! It's twins!"

He rushed back in time to hold the lamp while another baby was born. Feeling rather shocked, he stumbled outside again.

He was wondering where he could put his hands on a stiff drink when the midwife yelled to him, "Get back in here. There's another one coming!"

"I'm staying right where I am!" the jackeroo yelled back. "I reckon they're attracted to the light."



On the first day in the shop, the novice barber nicked a customer badly while giving him a shave.

"I'm terribly sorry," the rookie apologised. "Let me wrap your head in a towel."

"No, thanks," the customer replied. "I'll just take it home under my arm."

Q: Why did the condom cross the road?

A: Because it was pissed off.

The heavily pregnant airline stewardess asked her supervisor for leave of absence.

"Why?" she was asked.

"It's because I've had, well, a sort of accident," answered the girl.

"What was the cause of the accident?" the supervisor queried. "Was it job related?"

"In a manner of speaking," she sighed. "You might put the cause down as 'pilot error'."



While negotiating a deal overseas, a businessman received a call from his sister telling him that their father had died unexpectedly. Since it was impossible for the man to return home in time for the funeral, he told his sister to take care of all the arrangements and send him the relevant bills.

When he got home, he received and paid a funeral bill for several thousand dollars. But when accounts for \$15 each started coming in over the next few months, he called his sister for an explanation.

"Why am I receiving monthly statements in Dad's name for \$15?" he asked her.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," she explained. "We buried him in a rented suit."

We've heard that scientists would prefer performing laboratory experiments on politicians rather than rats, because (A) there are more of them, (B) technicians don't become so attached to them and (C) there are some things that rats just won't do.

Since the girl couldn't type, she was fired. Then explained how she came to be hired:

*"The executive's dong
Being four inches long,
I thought shorthand alone was required."*

A priest and a TV evangelist were discussing the ways they allocated collection moneys.

"We draw a circle on the floor," the priest said, "throw all the money into the air and whatever lands in the circle, the Lord keeps."

"We also throw the money into the air," the evangelist said. "Whatever the Lord catches, He keeps!"

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We'll pay \$25 for each joke used.



"I'm sorry sir, but you must wear a tie."

ROUGH DAYS AT THE OFFICE

Not every golfer makes big bikkies like Greg Norman. Anthony O'Grady tails one struggling Australian pro.

WHEN ROBERT STEPHENS was a kid, he was overshadowed by his older brother, Michael. Michael was a golfer, and good, but not without temperament. One day, after a series of three-putt greens at windswept St Michaels in Sydney, he marched to a nearby clifftop, snapped his putter in two, and hurled the pieces into the surf below.

There was talk of official reports to various governing bodies of golf, but Michael always was a character, and a lively personality is forgiven much, even in golf circles, which are staid than most.

Rob was a golfer too, not as good as Michael, but more conscientious. He'd turn fairways into scorched earth, practising, practising, practising.

"Michael always was better than me," says Robert, "but I'd probably beat him now, because I'm more determined."

Last year Stephens ranked 35th in the Australia/NZ Order Of Merit; the year before he was No 30. He's travelled overseas a bit, generally winning just enough to cover airfares home. He's never won a four-round tournament, he's 23, and every year younger, flashier players are promoted as future champions.

Stevens continues to practise, practise and relentlessly plod the circuit. His visible skin has taken on the deep brown sheen of well-cured leather, his smile is a shy white flash, his dedication approaches the monomaniacal. He wouldn't have it any other way.

"Ninety percent of the time I'm awake," he says, "I'm playing or practising golf. I'm lucky I enjoy it nearly 100 percent of the time."

JUST ANOTHER DAY AT THE OFFICE

It's the final round of the 1986 PGA

Open and Greg Norman, two shots clear of the pack, is going to win, no competition. On the tee right now, fighting for slices of the minor money, are Ian Baker-Finch, Wayne Riley and Robert Stephens. Baker-Finch is six shots off the pace, Riley and Stephens are seven away. It is possible one of them could shoot low enough to win, but the smart money says Norman will cruise to his fourth successive win on the '86 circuit, and his third successive PGA title.

"Which one is Robert?" asks Peter Mansted.

I point him out, the skinny one with lips pressed into a thin grim line.

"He looks nervous," says Mansted.

It's a hot, still day and there's rumor of a rising swell and a cooling southerly on the peninsula, which is where Peter Mansted would rather be. But there's work to be done at Castle Hill. Peter Mansted is looking for a golfer to turn into a champion.

A few years back, he chucked in his job as a computer programmer, took over the affairs of a then ailing Tom Carroll, and pretty soon Carroll was world surfing champ.

"My greatest asset is I'm a motivator as well as a manager," says Mansted.

He's toyed with the idea of getting into tennis and doing the Ion Tiriac/Boris Becker trick on some young hopeful with a bulge as big as Popeye's on his serving arm. But golf intrigues him even more, because of the long-term earning capacity of its champions, and the vital role of mental attitude in success, and failure.

"I don't know anything about how to play golf," he says, "but I know how sportsmen have to think in order to win, and currently no one's using what I know to accelerate a golfer's progress."

He has more to say as well, about how diet and physical training hone the will to win, but there's no time for that now — Baker-Finch, Riley and Stephens have just teed off and we're slogging down the fairway in



ILLUSTRATION BY STUART BILLINGTON

Billington

pursuit. Baker-Finch and Stephens are in the bushes to the right, Riley makes the centre of the fairway. Actually, Stephens is in a drain, a stroke penalty, and he takes a bogie in five.

Next hole, his birdie putt lips out, and he pars the third. He plays the next three holes in five over par, he's six over for the day, one over for the tournament and his cheque is shrinking by the fairway. He pars the eighth and birdies the ninth.

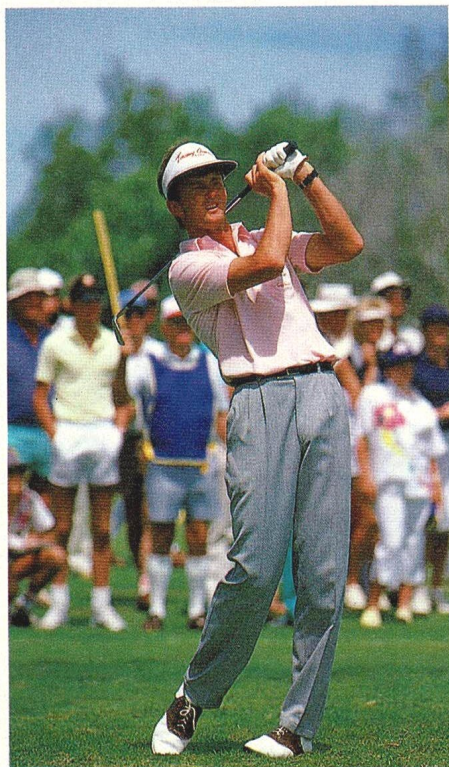
Baker-Finch and Riley are not having great days either: they're scrambling pars, occasionally potting a birdie, but neither is making this day at the office look easy. Still, Mansted thinks he can see a world champion in the making (Baker-Finch aside, whose affairs are locked up by the Glenn Wheatley group).

"If only," he says, "you could combine Riley and Stephens. Stephens has the dedication all right, he's playing badly today, and you can see it's eating him up. But when Riley makes a bad shot, his attitude is to either make a joke about it, or get really angry and light up a cigarette."

"That's just dumb," says the fanatical anti-smoker Mansted. "Robert is thinking too much about what's happening, and it's choking him. Riley isn't thinking enough."

On the 10th, after scratching around the base of the green like a broody hen, Stephens takes a triple bogie seven. He bogies 12 and 13 to be 10 over for the day, five over for the tournament.

Now there are many golfers who'd love to be coming up to the 14th at Castle Hill a mere 10 over the card, but Robert Stephens isn't one of them. At this stage the day before, in the third round, he was three under the card.



Stephens: "Ninety percent of the time I'm awake, I'm playing or practising golf."

How can this happen to a guy who lives and breathes in strict accordance with the rhythm of a righteous golf swing? To answer, we must consult the Wisdom of the Elders.

Golf is a learning process that never stops, says Tom Watson.

First you have to learn how to swing the club.

Then you have to learn how to swing the club for 18 holes.

By now, you're in club competitions and you have to learn to win over 18 holes. Then, if you turn pro, you have to learn how to play 72 holes of championship golf.

And then you have to learn how to win over 72 holes.

And then, hardest of all, you have to learn to keep on winning.

Watson himself reached that last crunch point several years ago. Since winning the 1982 US and British Opens, he's only rarely been a contender in golf's main arena, yet his statistics of play are nearly the same.

What's different is his inclination to will himself vital birdies and recovery pars in the crunch of a tournament, when the mental effort required is akin to walking through fire.

But that's post-graduate honors stuff. Stephens has still to learn how to successfully negotiate 72 golf holes. When he joined the circuit, four years ago, he hardly made a cut. He eked out a living with small change on the pro am circuit.

He and Wayne Riley used to travel together, pooling their bucks to buy a series of terminal rust buckets with maximum rego on the window, because sure as death and taxes, they had no chance of being rego'd again. When the heaps died (as they invariably did), they'd leave them by the roadside, shoulder their golf bags and hitch to the next tournament. They were a sight to be seen, two vagabonds humping their clubs from town to town. Somewhere in South Australia, the local police took one look and arrested them both, on suspicion of robbing a bank.

Riley started shooting low scores and earning money while Robert was still struggling to make the cut. There are some who thought Stephens should have taken the hint then, and left the circuit. But there were a few who thought otherwise, one being the doyen of Australian golf teachers, Alex Mercer.

Mercer, while at Royal Sydney in the '60s, had charge of a grim left-hander who, while attempting to put forward progress on a ball, used to excavate foundations. Mercer made him switch to right-handed and relearn the game but many still thought, as a golfer, David Graham made a good bricklayer.

"And for years, they were right," says Mercer, "but he had such determination, he made himself a golfer."

A prospective sponsor once took Stephens to Mercer with the idea of backing Rob, if

he linked up with Mercer as a coach. Stephens went for one session, then baulked.

"My coach is Bruce Jackson," he said. Jackson, the long-term professional at Conrad Golf Club in Sydney (now retired), had persisted with Stephens as a trainee pro for three years, despite an ungainly, awkward swing that inevitably acquainted Rob with every ti-tree on the course. (Nowadays, he swings smoother, and more compact, but still so grim and mechanical you can almost hear the gear wheels grind and mesh.)

A gentleman from a now forgotten school of manners, Jackson wouldn't have minded Stephens being taken over by Mercer.

"But that's Robert," says Mercer. "Bruce Jackson took him on as a trainee when no one else would, so for Robert, that's it for life. He's a single-minded person and I admire that. If he's on form he doesn't just play a golf course, he beats it into submission, and he takes a savage joy in it."

True, Stephens's best moment in golf so far was a 64 in last year's Queensland Open and he walked off the 18th green, still unfulfilled.

"Just about everyone who does an eight under par," says one golf writer, "first of all wants to sit back and tell everyone about it. But with Rob, it felt like he just wanted to go back out, right away, and tear up the course some more."

"I tell you, I wouldn't ever like to get into a fight with Robert Stephens," says Mercer, "because if he really wanted to beat you, and he got on top of you, he wouldn't stop hitting you."

But Robert Stephens doesn't fight anyone, except himself. After a bad round, he sometimes used to haul off and hit himself in the mouth so hard, he'd draw blood and loosen his teeth. And if he was really angry at himself, he'd hit himself again, and again.

THE RUB OF THE GREEN

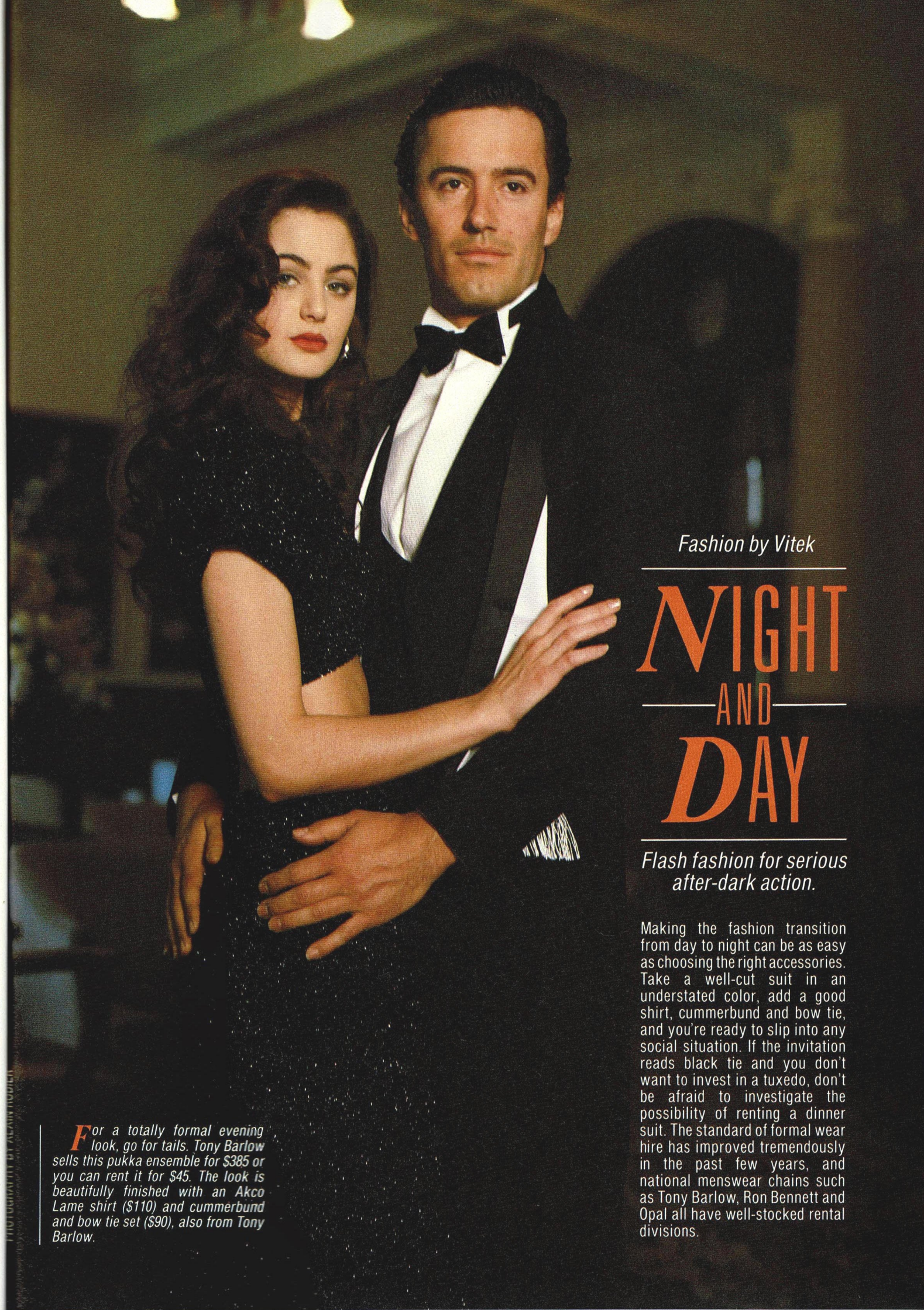
So today, 10 over after 14 holes, he's not about to flinch from further punishment. He stands up to the 15th and doesn't even hesitate, he goes the short cut.

The 15th fairway at Castle Hill runs alongside a large dam, then doglegs up a hill, to the green. Played that way it takes three shots to reach the green. You can, however, drive over the dam, on to the 16th fairway, and put the green in range of a long iron or fairway wood. Only thing is, it's a long carry, and if you're not hitting the ball well, you'll land it in the dam, and struggle to salvage double bogey.

Stephens hammers his drive over the dam, then puts his approach into a greenside bunker. The ball is on that most difficult of sandy lies, a downhill slope. Stephens grinds his teeth, digs his feet into the sand, opens the clubface horizontal and

(continued on page 106)

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN KNIGHT



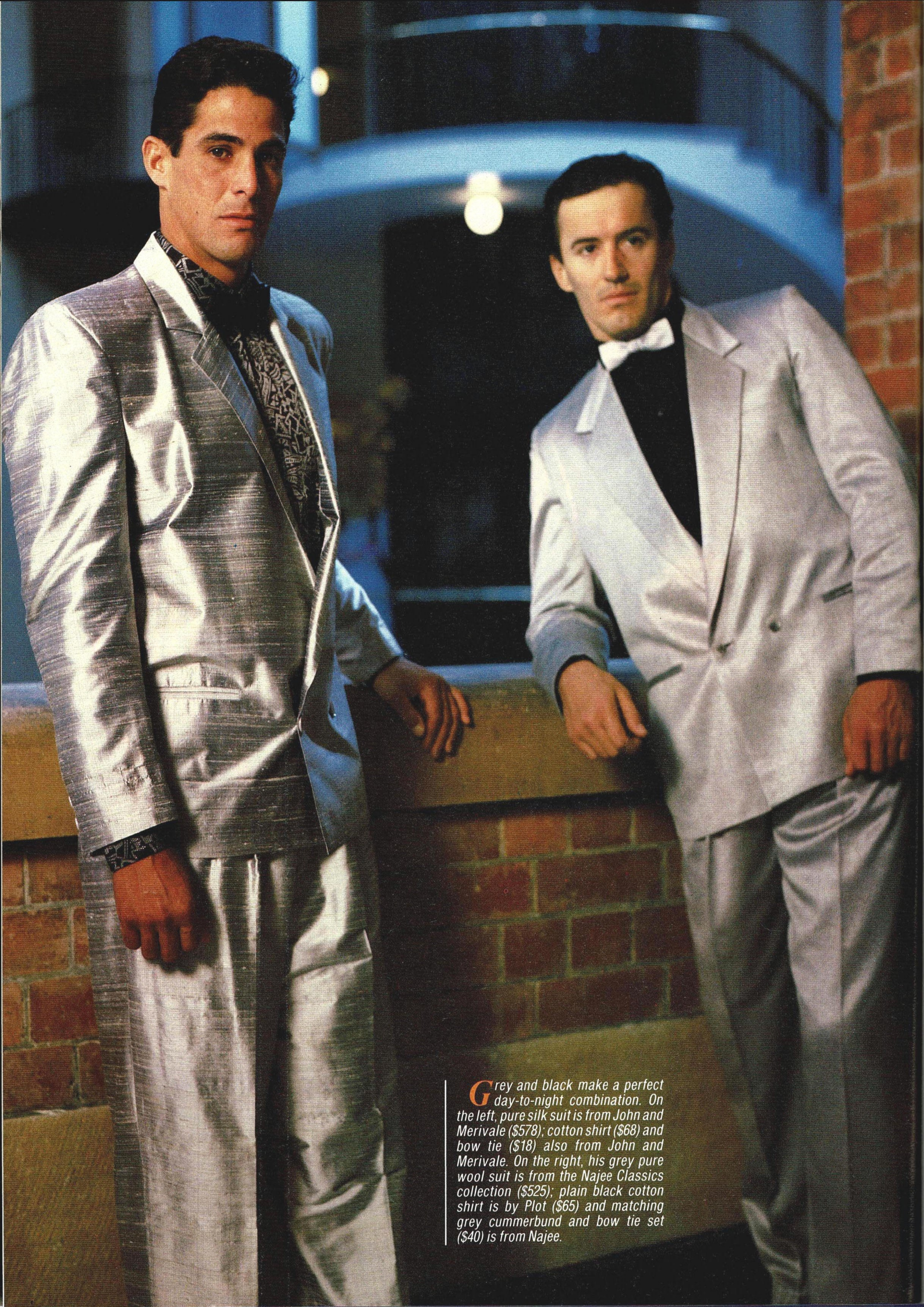
Fashion by Vitek

NIGHT AND DAY

Flash fashion for serious
after-dark action.

Making the fashion transition from day to night can be as easy as choosing the right accessories. Take a well-cut suit in an understated color, add a good shirt, cummerbund and bow tie, and you're ready to slip into any social situation. If the invitation reads black tie and you don't want to invest in a tuxedo, don't be afraid to investigate the possibility of renting a dinner suit. The standard of formal wear hire has improved tremendously in the past few years, and national menswear chains such as Tony Barlow, Ron Bennett and Opal all have well-stocked rental divisions.

For a totally formal evening look, go for tails. Tony Barlow sells this pukka ensemble for \$385 or you can rent it for \$45. The look is beautifully finished with an Akco Lane shirt (\$110) and cummerbund and bow tie set (\$90), also from Tony Barlow.



Grey and black make a perfect day-to-night combination. On the left, pure silk suit is from John and Merivale (\$578); cotton shirt (\$68) and bow tie (\$18) also from John and Merivale. On the right, his grey pure wool suit is from the Najee Classics collection (\$525); plain black cotton shirt is by Plot (\$65) and matching grey cummerbund and bow tie set (\$40) is from Najee.

Bolero-style pure silk evening jacket (\$699) is from the Dallas Denver collection available at Tony Barlow stores. His shirt (\$140) is accented with diamantes for some extra after-dark sparkle and comes from Tony Barlow. The pants (\$120) are also from Barlow. Her dress is a stunning black number (\$600) from John and Merivale. Jewellery is by Percy Marks.



Red and black combine for an eye-catching evening look. On the left, his suit is in pure silk from John and Merivale (\$578); his black cotton shirt with overlapping patch pockets is by Plot (\$72), and matching red cummerbund and bow tie set are by Clifford Gordon (\$40). On the right, his pure wool tuxedo is from the Najee Classics Collection (\$499) and his red shirt (\$68) is by Frenzy.



Ford takes the Falcon pick-up into the next millennium.

THIS IS THE ultimate version of the good ole Aussie ute. Bathurst-style airdams and aprons, fatbags, chunky roll-bar, *Star Wars* cockpit, and bodywork done in the latest new paint-color: megaloud. So what, you say? So what you're looking at here is the leading edge of a new motoring movement in

FUTURE UTE

Motoring
by **ROB LUCK**



Australia — the rebirth of the utility vehicle.

The ute is part of Australia's motoring folklore. Believe it or not, Australia invented the ute — as a workhorse — back in the '30s. The innovation swept the world. In some countries (the States for example) it has developed almost a cult following.

In case you can't remember, it has made its own motoring legends in Australia. . .

In the '50s it had already begun to take off riding on the back of the explosion of rock'n'roll. In the '60s it was the bebop symbol of the surf set, a trendy little boulevard cruiser with its own anti-urban individuality. Pragmatic, too — there was just enough room on the front bench for two or three mates, their boards stashed in the back under the tonneau, along with the waterproof mattress and the jacks (pillows) ready for the weekend score.

The tough times lasted a whole decade, into the '70s, and then they picked up again. This time it was the off-road revolution. It started in the States, where the Yanks plugged four-wheel-drive hardware underneath their workday pick-ups and started researching the great unknown, off-road. In Australia, it took the Japanese to find the critical hip-pocket nerve with budget-priced 4WD utes aimed at the young and the cash-flushed. Toyota and Nissan led the Nippon invasion, and they conquered the market, virtually overnight.

The '80s got off to a bit of a slow start. A lot of male energy was wasted in self-analysis, encounter grouping, and D & M discussions with the fair sex over socially unproductive issues like equality, sensitivity, understanding, compassion . . . stuff like that.

For a while there, everything was working pretty much against the mere male. Apart from the emotional hobbling, it was now considered pretty necessary to wear a seatbelt, drive more or less responsibly, and sip pasteurised OJ from a cardboard carton, instead of sloshing gobfuls of Jack Daniels while cruising the beach road.

It was this mealy-mouthed era that bred the Q-car, otherwise known as a "sleeper". Under the mundane, socially agreeable, environmentally conscious exterior throbbed a wilful heart. When no one was watching, the animal could be unleashed for a bit of sport. Not in front of the fuzz, you understand, or the wimmin (they actually called them "ladies") who wouldn't cop such gauche behavior.

There are signs that we are coming out of this weak-kneed, spineless state of suspended animation. This car is one of them.

It is loud, it is brash and it is tough. The no-beg-pardons paintwork sets the scene. There is absolutely nothing about the color fluorescent racing red that says the driver is a person who cries easily, or who could readily be described as "wonderfully sensitive" or "emotionally fragile".

A machine that sits low enough on the ground to suck off the first layer of tarmac is



The interior is based on the new "cockpit concept" in utes.

obviously thumbing its nose at road registration authorities. The growl from under the engine hood suggests that the fuzz can expect little respect, and the on-board CB radio (and concealed radar detector?) suggest the Boys in Blue will have to be on their little pointed toes to catch up with this road-gun. There is something sinister about a man who drives behind a *Knight Rider* black-out screen and steers a competition-suspended road-racer from a racing bucket (Recaro) and euro-comp tiller (Kittel).

The big question is, can the Aussie male find the way back through the "Millennium"?

That's the name Ford stylists chose for this creation which local specialist auto-builder Bob McWilliam (Phase Autos) is crafting as a showcar for the Ford pick-up product. As any sci-fi addict knows, the Millennium Falcon was Han Solo's space-smuggling starship in the *Star Wars* trilogy. Harrison Ford's blunt-nosed character was a master of ray-gun diplomacy, more inclined to melt-down opponents than try to meet them half-way over the negotiating table. The Falcon "Millennium" is cast in the same mould — definitely a machine for the anti-wimps.

What started out as a very nice piece of showcar muscle has developed into a full-blown marketing exercise. Ford knew there was a growing market for its utes (and panel vans) — one of the few economical vehicles left in the wake of Keating's market-wasting of the motor industry. But the company had no idea the market could so easily be cranked back up into gear.

This car helped to fire the public imagination, and fill up the order books.

Right now, you have to jump on the end of a three-month queue if you want to obtain a Falcon ute stocker (standard model). With the re-establishment of a new assembly line for the ute/panel van models, the problem will ease over the next six months or so. And this line will continue to produce the current Falcon Commercials even after the new Euro-style Falcon (code-named EA26) is launched come February next.

The way Ford reads the market, the macho brigade want an Aussie-tough commercial image. The new car may seem a bit soft. And Ford has opted for showroom spin-offs of the show-car. You can order virtually every item on the "Millennium" — from the outrageous paint scheme (\$5000) through to the muscled suspension pack, body aero kit and interior treatment — through your local Ford dealer.

An exclusive extended tour of the machine revealed it has plenty to offer. A lot of the appearance impact is gained by the ground-scraping effect of the heavily aproned bodywork lowered on its suspension. More practical height settings can be ordered with minimal loss of appearance, but a substantial gain in comfort and driving effort over speed bumps and spoon drains. Of course, lowered suspension also eliminates spring travel, so the ride on the "hovercraft" version tends to be race-car rigid. Impressive at the milkbar though.

The low-wide look is emphasised by a pretty unique set of aerodynamic artifacts. The front apron is a complete replacement of the nose section of the car from the headlights down. The bumper is cast into the high-impact plastic nose cone which extends as low as possible to clean up frontal



It is loud, it is brash and it is tough. The no-beg-pardons paintwork sets the scene.

airflow, while openings are strategically inserted to provide for engine and brake cooling and the insertion of high-power driving lights (Hella). None of the original hardware of the machine is altered in specification (lights, turn indicators, bumpers, etc) so there are no legal wrangles in getting this thing over the motor transport inspection pits.

The wheels are important to the treatment. Hand-built by Simmons (racing specialists) they are 16x7inch three-piece magnesium competition wheels, carefully offset to contour-match the body flanks. Fitted with Bridgestone RE17 tyres (225/50 VR16 front, 245/50 VR16 rears) they provide pure racetrack handling levels. They also dig a near-\$3000 hole in your money pile if ordered as is from Donellan's of Melbourne. Cheaper options, on the only-slightly-less salubrious 15x7inch wheel versions can cut that bill roughly in half. Expect an appropriate reduction in ultimate cornering levels.

Basically, there's no reason why the sleek shell on this ute shouldn't cut the air as well as a tunnel-tuned sedan. There is a bit more air disturbance and drag created around the rear area, but even this is offset by a drag-

deflector placed on the massive rollbar created by Rallyspeed, the Sydney-based protection specialist. Actually, the so-called rollbar, dubbed a "grizzly bar", is really a combination of cosmetic and potential safety item. Though not claimed to provide protection in an unscheduled flip-over, it is likely to offer more structural protection than nothing at all. A good place to hang overhead driving lights, and tie cargo down. At the moment it is a trifle over-engineered as a mounting rack for a couple of CB aerials!

The interior is based on the new "cockpit concept" in utes. Replacing the three-abreast bench is the individual two-seater cabin — pilot and co-pilot, each ensconced in Recaro racing-style seating modules. The steerer is a piece of future-tech cockpit art devised by German interior specialist Carl Kittel, and tested and endorsed by macho rally ace Walter Rohrl. He's the guy who is said to have described the world's fastest female rally-driver as nothing more than a factory publicity stunt. In these days of the male genuflection before the female altar of equality, you don't come any tougher than to talk like that.

Also in the interior is the anti-

authoritarian salute of the CB radio — that "evil" device which some police authorities and at least one mental power gnome feel is actually being used to evade police radar. Surely not! Innocent motorists have nothing to fear from revenue traps, do they? There must be a concealed radar detector in the interior somewhere, but we couldn't find it. Surely nothing this loud could be complete without it.

I have to tell you that the space under the engine hood is a bit of an anti-climax. Sure, the exhaust growls, but under the dayglo bonnet is a stock-standard EFI six (admittedly Ford's biggest). This is capable of competent performance, but is less than ground-shaking.

The reason is that Ford likes to be seen to be doing The Right Thing. Muscled cubes under the bonnet don't fit the image of a respectable family factory like Ford and are hard to get through the Australian Design Rules without spending a lot of money, or putting in a decent V8 engine (both of which Holden's does). For those of you who would lust after one of these dayglo dream-machines, but don't want to have your doors sucked off by passing Brock Commodores, there is a faster way out for the "Millennium".

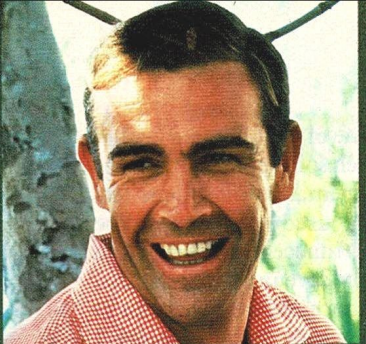
The after-market produces a twin-turbo version of the Falcon straight six that features bulk-grunt and mind-blowing performance. The ADR-approved engine conversion pumps out 360 (SAE) bhp and 420lb/ft of torque (according to its manufacturers, AIT Turbo of Melbourne) and can send this ute down the road in around six seconds from standstill to the legal limit (100km/h). That's good enough to have a Porsche Carrera for breakfast. Or keep up with a Brock Commodore.

There's a couple of options. . . the FFD four-wheel-drive viscous coupling system being developed here by Advanced Powertrain Technology for Falcon is a big one, plus the option of a re-graft on existing 4WD hardware from the States or Japan. Ford has plenty of choices here, including laying the Falcon monocoque bodies over the solid chassis of a Mazda-4WD product (marketed in Australia under the Ford label anyway) or using one of the American F100/Bronco style treatments.

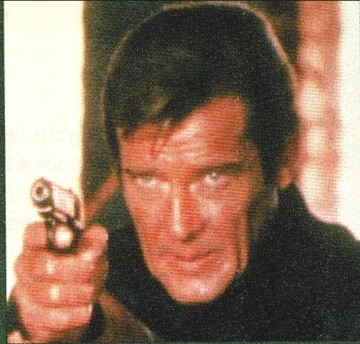
Meanwhile, there are unlimited versions of the "Millennium" possible for more conventional road use, many of which you can expect to see over the coming months. There's no doubt this machine has hit the nerve-ends of the average Aussie red-blooded male. And female. For example, during a photo session, two passing lovelies strolled up and offered to do service. Could they model? Could they sit in the cockpit (their word, delivered with a nudge and a wink). Could they go for a ride? Where were we having lunch or dinner?

No wonder they call utes pick-ups.

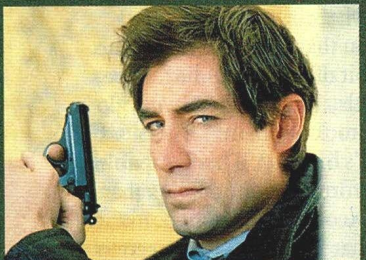




Sean Connery



Roger Moore



Timothy Dalton

SALUTE TO JAMES BOND

James Bond celebrates his silver anniversary this year with the release of *The Living Daylights*, starring a brand-new 007, Timothy Dalton, and a brand-new Bond beauty, Maryam d'Abo. In our special *Playboy* retrospective, we salute the world's most famous secret agent and his bevy of beautiful women.



Latest of 007's leading ladies is Maryam d'Abo and here she poses on the bonnet of the Volante, newest in a long line of Aston Martin cars specially equipped for James Bond.



It was probably inevitable that big, bad Grace Jones would end up playing a villainess in a Bond film — which she did, as May Day in *A View To A Kill* (below).



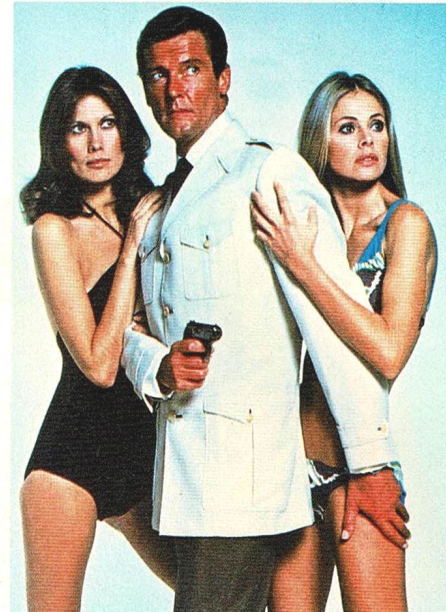
James Bond creator Ian Fleming was noted for giving his characters picturesque names, but our hands-down favorite is *Goldfinger's* Pussy Galore, played by Honor Blackman (above). Pussy and Bond treated each other to a memorable roll in the hay. In *From Russia With Love*, Bond



won over luscious Russian spy Tatiana Romanova, portrayed by Daniela Bianchi (below), during an eventful ride on the Orient Express. Lana Wood (above) was best known as Natalie's kid sister until she became Plenty O'Toole in the 1971 Bond release *Diamonds Are Forever*.



The glamorous Nicaraguan-born actress Barbara Carrera (left) first came to our attention when she modelled for the cover of the February 1972 issue of *US Playboy*. We've seen more of her since she switched to films, among them 007's *Never Say Never Again*. At right, Maud Adams and Britt Ekland cosied up to Roger Moore in *The Man With The Golden Gun*.



A View To A Kill, the most recent Bond film until this year's release of *The Living Daylights*, featured Tanya Roberts (above). Jill St John (below left) was Tiffany Case, a member of an international smuggling ring, in Connery's first Bond comeback, *Diamonds Are Forever*. Gloria Hendry (below right), a New York Playboy Club bunny, was bedded by Bond when she played Rosie Carver in *Live And Let Die*.

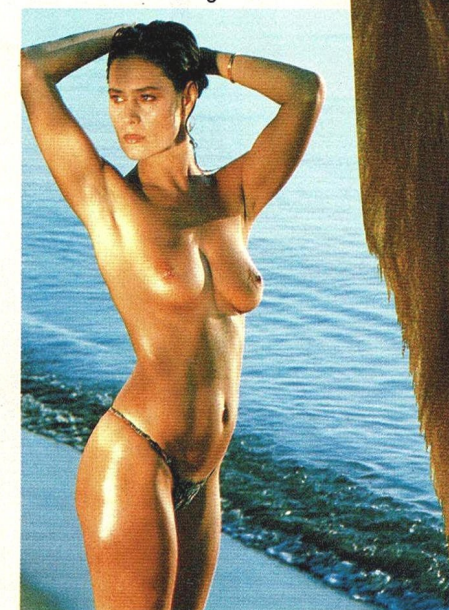




Claudine Auger (above) played Domino in the fourth Bond movie, *Thunderball*, made in 1965. At left, Robbin Young was the winner of a James Bond Girl contest sponsored by Playboy and United Artists in 1980. Robbin earned herself a role in the 007 adventure, *For Your Eyes Only*. The only actress ever to play bad girls in two Bond pictures was Maud Adams (right), Scaramanga's girlfriend, Andrea, in *The Man With The Golden Gun* and Octopussy in the 1983 film of that name. Below, Ursula Andress, rising from the waves as Honeychile Rider, made a lasting impression on fans of 1962's *Dr. No*.



Above, beautiful Barbara Bach appeared as Major Anya Amasova in *The Spy Who Loved Me*. Below left, Jane Seymour featured in the 1973 Bond romp *Live And Let Die*. Below right, French actress Corinne Clery played head helicopter pilot for archvillain Hugo Drax in *Moonraker*, Bond's 1979 outing.



Among *Goldfinger*'s many attractions was curvaceous Margaret Nolan (below left) who gave Connery's 007 a poolside rubdown. All-time champion Bondswoman is Lois Maxwell (below right), who was M's secretary Miss Moneybags in all 14 previous 007 movies produced by Albert R. "Cubby" Broccoli. In *The Living Daylights*, however, she has been replaced by Caroline Bliss.

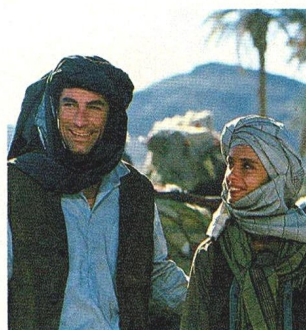


Connery made his second Bond comeback in the aptly titled *Never Say Never Again* opposite Kim Basinger, a blonde beauty first spotted in a 1983 Playboy pictorial.



BOND'S NEW BELLE

Meet Maryam d'Abo,
the seductive sex-
kitten who transforms
fickle 007 into a one-
woman man.



British-born Maryam d'Abo was raised in France and is now poised to take on the world with her sexy role in *The Living Daylights*, latest in a quarter-century string of James Bond extravaganzas. In person, Maryam is alert, soft-spoken with a mere trace of continental accent, brown-eyed, usually wearing little or no make-up and the kind of casually chic clothes that probably go for the price of a light armored tank. On stage, she has played Cyrano's Roxanne in French and considers herself a serious actress. Thus it follows that the former Bond leading lady she most admires is Diana (*On Her Majesty's Secret Service*) Rigg who has remained a top star of movies, TV and theatre since *her* role as 007's only genuine bride.





Like Rigg, d'Abo sees herself in *The Living Daylights* as a Bond belle with a difference. "Despite some notable exceptions, most of the previous Bond girls were like puppets. But it's 1987, and the girl I play is no longer just a sex object. She's a real person, a professional cellist." Also, she's actually the only woman in the picture Bond sleeps with. *That's new.* Fidelity? These are different times.





Maryam admits she never dreamed she'd play the lead in a Bond movie. "Several years ago, I auditioned for *A View To A Kill*," Maryam smiles, "but my hair was shorter then, and they thought I looked too young. Then in February 1986 I was called to do a screen test with another James Bond. . . who didn't get the part, obviously. But I did." She won't name the 007 who never was, except to say he *wasn't* Pierce Brosnan of *Remington Steele* fame. Anyway, d'Abo deems dashing Dalton an ideal choice.



Maryam has no nude scenes in *The Living Daylights* so here she compensates with a memorable tribute to *Goldfinger*. "The gold was sprayed on!" she laughs. We call it one heck of an enviable paint job.



Appearing for *Playboy* is, in Maryam's view, just another way of testing herself, which she is determined to do. Just back from locations for *The Living Daylights*, Maryam had experienced plenty of testing as well as tripping. "My very worst moment was sliding down a snowy alp — together with Tim — in a cello case. Working with *Playboy* was pure enjoyment compared to that, and certainly a lot less dangerous!"



Hair Apparent

Nance Mitchell combs through the facts and fallacies about our follicles.

UNTANGLING A WASH-OUT from a crowning achievement in hair care is getting tougher. Capitalising on men's growing interest in health, fashion and finishing touches, the industry is pumping an avalanche of new gels, thickeners, mousses, and conditioners on to the market, coupled with unprecedented scientific discoveries regarding hair regrowth. There's never been such a need for sorting out the facts and fallacies about follicles. Here's a quick primer.

THE STYLE'S THE THING

The hair industry has finally become sensible and straightforward about men. Although hairdressing aids, from new non-alcohol (and less drying) mousses and fine-misting non-aerosol pump sprays to neutral or natural-color gels, are more popular than ever, the look is decidedly unfussy and masculine. Use dressings to add sheen, hold and volume to the basic, unpretentious cut. Bizarre colors and spikes are out and harsh cuts are giving way to softer, more organic styles. That's great news for young lawyers, businessmen and other professionals who want to be up to date without feeling ridiculous.

"They all want to look like Tom Cruise in *Top Gun* or Christopher Lambert in *Subway*," says Lloyd Lomas, whose Sydney salons cater to a substantial male clientele. Lomas says the style is getting a bit longer; "It's the '40s look all over again. Anything contrived is a waste of time; neat, classic looks are the way to go. Aim for clean lines tempered by a hint of romance."

Giorgio Baroni of Sydney's Double Bay, a suburb with more than 50 hairdressing salons, agrees on the return of the '40s look. "Classic, elegant and very well-groomed," he says. Baroni adds that a youthful effect is obtained by avoiding the artificial. "Men want to achieve a natural look that doesn't require too much attention," he says. For that reason he prefers not to add color or perms to men's hair. However, the majority of hairdressers claim perms and tints for men are now big business.

Queensland-based Stefan Ackerie, owner of the 80 Stefan Hair Fashion salons which style more than 15,000 heads a week, a quarter of which are male, believes that hair shaping should be used to balance the face.

He offers these general styling keys:

- Balance is your goal. Determine your basic face shape, and then play up your assets and downplay your weak points. For example, if you have a very round face, an asymmetrical cut may best break up that unrelenting line. A wide face should have height on top for a sense of upsweep, and a weak chin would benefit from a short-cropped beard. Long faces and long noses need a cut that bevels out and away from the ears to add fullness to the sides, and a moustache may add a desirable horizontal line to the excessively vertical face.

- Stick to a natural part. Avoid severe

demarcations or centre parts.

- Sideburns can be ageing. Keep them short.

- Don't be afraid of shorter styles if your ears stick out. Instead of keeping hair long enough to cover them, opt for a cut that adds texture and volume *above* them.

HAIR CARE

Shampoos are basically some combination of water, detergent and fatty material; they often come in formulations for normal, oily or dry hair. Keep these pointers in mind:

- Herbal, lemon and egg shampoos smell nice but they don't have any particular degreasing benefits.

- Some men use beer in the final rinse because it gives hair a springiness or coarseness that adds body. There's no benefit from mixing it in with the shampoo.

- Shampoos advertised as containing proteins that mend split ends don't really hold much water. Even though hair is a protein, topically applied protein won't build it up.

- If you suffer from dry hair, hair loss or a scalp condition, don't use baby shampoo in the mistaken belief that if it's mild enough for babies, it's the best thing for you. Babies often have cradle cap, or stubborn scaling, and many shampoos for them are filled with detergents to combat this problem.

- If you're bothered by dandruff, use a natural-bristle brush and plenty of conditioner. (If you're going to the beach, rubbing conditioner through your hair and leaving it on can lessen damage from sun and water.) Bring excess itching or inflammation to a doctor's attention.

To understand the importance of follow-



ing shampooing with conditioning, consider the hair itself: when glimpsed under a microscope, the cuticle, or outer layer, looks as though it's made up of overlapping fish scales. Conditioners close these scales up to make your hair softer and smoother. Ideally, your final rinse washes the greasy conditioner off the hair surface, but some of it stays sealed inside the cuticle to "glue" the scales together. Even if you have oily hair, don't be tempted to skip conditioning, which can save enormous wear and tear and lessen breakage from combing or brushing.

OTHER HIRSUTE MATTERS

Beards and moustaches: Spiralling sales in moustache wax and some newly released beard-care products (see box) signal a clean, classic look for facial hair too. Here are some guidelines:

1. Wash and condition your beard as often as you shampoo, and rinse thoroughly to avoid irritation.
2. Take the time to shave your neck carefully to keep the beard symmetrical.
3. Trim moustache hairs evenly so they stay off the lip line.
4. Clip nose hairs carefully. The nose area is too sensitive for tweezing, which may result in broken capillaries or bleeding.
5. Unless you're particularly sold on a longer style don't let your moustache extend beyond the corners of your mouth. Otherwise the force of gravity

will pull your mouth into a frown.

6. Keep close to the face with your scissors or clippers if you wish to emphasise a strong jaw and chin; let your beard grow a bit if you wish to camouflage a weak chin.

Eyebrows: Waxing for men, available in many hair and skin-care salons, is one of the most rapidly growing services in the cosmetic industry. You can get rid of the monobrow look in a few seconds. Warm wax is dabbed on the unwanted hair, a cloth is placed over the area and pulled off before the wax hardens to remove the hairs and their roots. It's painless, efficient and reasonably inexpensive. Remember that the inside edge of your eyebrow should not fall short of the inside corner of your eye.

CHEMISTRY LESSON

According to Stefan, one-quarter of the 3500 men who frequent his salons each week come in for chemical treatments. These include body waves or color work, which are gaining widespread acceptance for men. If you want to add waviness, volume and fullness to your hair, discuss the possibility of a root perm or body wave with your stylist. Caution: any hair treated with chemicals is considered damaged and requires extra conditioning care.

Forget about overall tinting as a way to cover grey. It's unflattering and unnecessary. A more sophisticated method is to have your stylist weave your natural color

through the hair, allowing some grey to remain as a highlight. The result is subtle and organic while giving depth and texture.

THROUGH THICK AND THIN

According to a leading medical journal, 37 percent of all males begin losing their hair by the age of 35. Genetics and male hormones determine baldness (hair recedes in an M shape at the forehead, while hair is lost from the crown), but hair loss may also be triggered by high fever, hyperthyroidism or shock.

Now for the good news. While testing Loniten (tablets in which minoxidil was the active ingredient) for the treatment of hypertension, the Upjohn Company realised many of the subjects who ingested it were growing hair all over their bodies. It didn't take long before Upjohn tried topical applications of minoxidil as a treatment for baldness, with varying results.

According to a spokesperson for the company, a 12-month minoxidil effectiveness study was undertaken on 619 men aged 18 to 49 with male-pattern baldness. Scientists counted individual hairs in a 2.5cm radius on each man's head and classified them as vellus, or fine, wispy, peach-fuzz-type hair; terminal, or hair of normal length and width; and indeterminate, a category in between. They concluded that after a year, 76 percent showed "more substantial" non-vellus growth in the designated areas. In a second, more

subjective study, the participants themselves rated their appearance. Forty percent felt regrowth was "moderate", eight percent "dense", and 52 percent "low growth".

"Minoxidil isn't a miracle drug, but it's the first that isn't snake oil," says Dr Arthur Bertolino, a clinical hair researcher and assistant professor of dermatology. Although no one knows exactly why it works, and no studies exist on its long-range effects, the only problems thus far linked with minoxidil are cases of minor scalp irritation.

Full approval has not yet been given for minoxidil to be dispensed as a treatment for baldness.

But as doctors are permitted to dispense any approved drug (as minoxidil is for hypertension) for whatever they deem necessary, many dermatologists are already writing perfectly legal prescriptions for Loniten. Pharmacists then grind the tablets and mix the pulverised product in a solution for external use. Until Upjohn can release its product Regaine, however, these prescriptions will vary slightly from chemist to chemist.

According to Dr Rhonda Rand, a dermatologist, the men who respond best generally fit three categories: (A) they've been bald only a few years and are in their twenties or thirties; (B) the bald area at the back of the head is less than 10cm in circumference; (C) some indeterminate hairs are present there.

Rand reports that one-third to one-half of her minoxidil patients show decent terminal-hair regrowth, a very high success percentage that she maintains by *sticking only to men who fit the optimum profile*. "Less selective screening results in far fewer success stories," she cautions. (The over-all success rate for men in general is much lower.)

Here's a minoxidil fact list:

- Minoxidil is a vasodilator, increasing blood flow. According to current studies, taking this powerful drug internally, whether by pill or injection, will not facilitate or accelerate hair growth and could lead to very severe side-effects. When applied topically in a solution, only a very small amount of the drug is absorbed into the bloodstream.

- Hair's waviness or color has no bearing on minoxidil's effectiveness.

- Minoxidil is a *lifetime commitment*. As soon as you stop daily applications, the results reverse.

- If Upjohn's Regaine is approved, cost will run to about \$90 a month.

- Although a very few men may notice small changes within a few months, doctors recommend a full year of twice-daily treatments before minoxidil's effectiveness can be ascertained.

- Since there are no follicles in your hands, you won't grow hair on them from applying the product to your scalp. But don't apply minoxidil before exercising, since it may mix with the sweat to induce unwanted facial-hair growth.

THE MANE EVENT

SHAMPOOS AND CONDITIONERS: Aramis, Adidas, Dunhill, Lacoste, Lagerfeld and Tabac all make special shampoos for men. The Aramis range includes Malt-Enriched Hair Shampoo and Conditioner, Malt-Enriched Thickening Shampoo and Conditioner, and Aramis 900 Everyday Shampoo. Clinique's Fragrance-Free Clean Scalp Shampoo controls itching while leaving hair manageable; Clinique's Hair Trainer Cream Rinse is a conditioning treatment, while Pantene and Redken make a range of shampoos and conditioners with built-in scalp treatment. For a touch of luxury, pamper yourself with a shampoo and conditioner from the ranges of Yves St Laurent, L'Homme Roger and Gallet, Habit Rouge de Guerlain or Christian Dior's Eau Sauvage.

STYLING AND CONTROL: A new generation of products formulated especially for men has replaced the too-stiff, too-sticky mousses and gels, the high alcohol content of which used to dry out hair. Choose light misting, non-aerosol pump sprays for invisible hold and a more natural look. For extra hold and volume, select a styling mousse. For more of a wet look, stick with gels.

GELS, MOUSSES AND SPRAYS: Tabac makes a gel and hairsetting lotion, L'Homme Roger and Gallet does a supple hair fixative. Try Faberge's Styling Mousse, Redken's Glyprogenic Styling Whip or Final Net Hair Lacquer which comes in a light spray for fly-away hair. The Aramis range includes Wetplexx Hair Styling Glaze, Hair Manager Instant Spray Conditioner, Malt-Enriched Conditioning Hair Spray and Hair Thickener and Maltplexx Natural Hair Gel. L'Oreal's extensive range includes: fixing gel, wet-look styling gel, styling cream, free-style mousse, conditioner and repairing cream. Clinique make a gel and a non-fragrance hair spray which provides long-lasting invisible control. Vidal Sassoon offers a grooming mousse and a non-aerosol natural control hair spray. Vidal Sassoon's Grooming Gel For Men is a clear, non-sticky preparation.

- Be realistic. "Only 10 to 15 percent of men with early to moderate balding have significant improvement. The majority just hold on to the hair they do have," says Bertolino.

- Recent scientific studies suggest that Retin-A, a vitamin-A derivative, could

CREAMS: If it's the slick look you're after, try a brilliantine by Yardley, Spruso or Old Spice, or the perennial "a little dab'll do ya" Brylcreem. Black and White hair-dressing cream for curly hair, Tabac's hair cream, and Schwarzkopf's Forming Pommade are all popular.

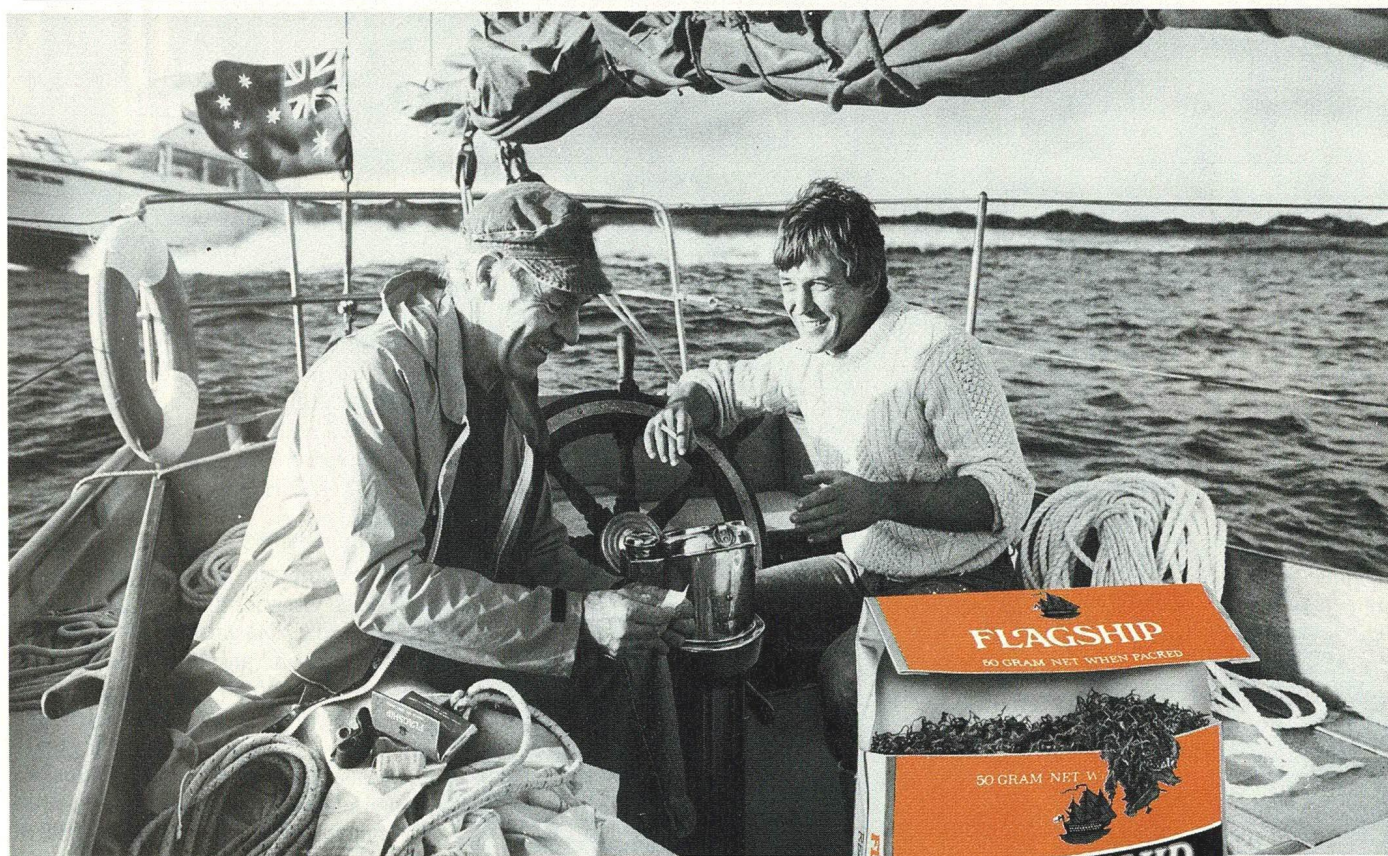
PROTEIN TREATMENTS: Silvikrin, Spruso and Pinaud all make protein hair tonics to massage into the scalp. Pinaud's Eau Tonique a la Quinine claims to be "recommended for gentlemen, sometimes used by ladies". If you're feeling more down-to-earth try Californian Poppy Oil for the hair and scalp.

COLOR TOUCH-UP: For instant spray-on color to revitalise greying hair and camouflage bald spots, try Mane or Cinta sprays which are available in a range of hair colors. Restoria and Grecian 2000, available in either cream or lotion, will also restore color subtly.

HAIR THICKENERS: Department store men's counters now display products designed to thicken hair. Package claims are carefully worded to assure consumers these are treatments, not restoratives. Nothing that alters the structure or function of hair or skin can be sold over the counter. These "thickeners" generally add sheen and a coating effect that leaves hair minimally thicker. They may also help unclog scalp sebum that could cause hair breakage, but they won't inhibit or replace hair loss. No scientific studies exist on their effectiveness.

SPECIALLY FOR BEARDS: Aramis Special Shaving Formula is a non-foaming cream that stays clear so you can see exactly where you're shaving. This is especially useful for achieving a clean line around the edge of your beard. As the cream contains moisturisers and skin conditioners, there is no need to rinse it off, just rub in any excess. The Aramis range also includes Pre-Shaving Beard Softener, Shaveplexx Calming Shave Cream, and After Shave Skin Calmer. Lagerfeld markets a beard softener and conditioning cleanser.

— DIANA DENNISON



Flagship. Too good to rush.



BON JOVI (continued from page 58)

Keyboardist Dave Bryan: "We've got to get in the right frame of mind — a pint of beer and some bare ass."

routine? We have a special performance every evening with Evelyn and Laurie. An illuminated glass ladder comes down from the ceiling, and they ascend as our custom-built light system goes into action. The girls dance for about 10-15 minutes and strip completely. Then our plexiglass onstage shower is turned on. The girls hop in, soap up and get a nice lather going.

"Jon and the band were checking all this out, having a wonderful time, and they got the idea for the album from Evelyn and Laurie — *Slippery When Wet*!"

Obviously, the band members and Jon share a certain code as well as a musical bond. Rock has traditionally been the world in which you can do as you please at any cost your conscience and physical constitution can stand. The lifestyle is predicated not so much on personal excess as the will to pursue a curiosity about oneself to its limits.

When keyboardist Dave Bryan makes a statement like, "Before we sing harmony, we've got to get into the right frame of mind; we've got to drink a pint of beer and get some bare ass in our face," is he hinting at a behavioral pedigree by which the band is pledged?

"Absolutely," says Jon. "Tico and Alec, they used to play in strip bars before we got together in 1983. The girls would turn around and flash the band nightly, because they couldn't show it all to the audience. That's why Tico wants to buy his own strip bar and call it Tico's Firehouse. He flew home during the making of the record to check out locations, but hasn't found one yet.

"It's a dream for him, right? And every one of us has his own dream, something he's always wanted in the real world. When we got signed to Mercury Records — on July 1, 1983 — there was a lot of tough stuff going on. Tico quit Frankie And The Knockouts; Alec quit Phantom's Opera to devote a life to being broke; people divorced and sold their houses, and me and Tico wound up living in this little apartment in Philadelphia, being pretty miserable a lot. The point of view in so many Bon Jovi songs, like *Living On A Prayer*, is: 'Whew, man, growing up is tough.'"

He was born on March 2, 1962, the son of hairdresser John Bongiovi Sr., and his gift shop owner wife (and former Playboy Bunny), Carol, in Sayreville, New Jersey, a 110-year-old township tucked into the sprawling clayfields at the mid-section of the Garden State. The Raritan River port's first important product was sun-baked

brick from the gooey clay, and a good many stately edifices along the country's eastern seaboard were constructed at the turn of the century with Sayre & Fisher Brick Co's "reds". Today the borough's chief baked exports are Hydrox cookies from the gigantic Sunshine Biscuits oven in Jernee Mill Road.

Jon, like his father, itched for something slacker than the factory life. His mother toted home his first guitar — acoustic — from a trade fair before he became a teenager. Jon still distinctly recalls wrapping the instrument in a blanket and throwing it down the cellar stairs "to hear the weird *twong* of the strings as it crashed".

Al Parinello, a guitarist working in an area club band, gave 14-year-old Jon his first lessons.

"He asked me, 'Why do you want to learn to play?' I said, 'To get chicks, what else?' 'Good thinking,' said Al, and the first song he taught me was *House Of The Rising Sun*, about the New Orleans whorehouse.

"That was the same year I lost my virginity — to an older girl. By 15, I was an old man. But I was never very good at picking up girls, and I'm still not." He seems embarrassed. "I had no lines, so music was my method."

To finance any additional ambitions, he toiled part-time in the Sayreville 7-11, commuting on his Suzuki 75 via the tracks of the Pennsylvania and the Raritan River railroads to avoid being busted — he didn't have a driver's licence. With some of his first pay packet, he purchased a copy of Bob Dylan's *Blood On The Tracks* — no irony intended — the album that sparked his interest in music as a possible way to go.

"I began hanging out at the rock concerts at Kennedy Park, or the block dances on the tennis courts behind the Borough Hall, getting a beer to oil me up. By this time, girls were easier to find 'cause, instead of going to Sayreville High basketball games, I was hitting the hippest Asbury Park nightclubs."

The leading club of the mid-to-late '70s was the Sunshine Inn, where the Bruce Springsteen-bossed Steel Mill gigged before crossing the street to the after-hours Upstage Club to watch the likes of B.B. King and Aretha Franklin's bassist Chuck Rainey when they were in Asbury. Tico Torres and Alec Such were frequently among this crew, since they were musically active on the Jersey Shore's intersecting "Barbary Coast" circuit of strip joints (the Serenado, the Tropicana, etc).

When Rocky's Warehouse, a gin mill catering to the younger crowd, became the

Fast Lane, it joined the Stone Pony as one of the crucial see-and-be-seen teen spots.

"The first time I played the Fast Lane," says Jon, "was with the Fat Pet Clams From Outer Space. Later, I did better and jammed with Bruce, and with the E Street Band. The clubs would close around 3.30 am, and I'd get to school by eight, be out of there at noon, go back to bed, and then return to the clubs."

Jon was in a 10-piece R&B outfit called the Rest when it played the last dance permitted at Sayreville High. He and his girlfriend skipped the senior prom to spend the night sipping beer in Southside Johnny's dressing room during a concert at the Great Adventure amusement park. The next week, he and the Rest had their first 8000-seat date at Freehold Raceway, on a bill with Hall And Oates.

Jon had other groups — the Wild Ones, Johnny And The Lechers, the Raze — the best being a Motown-minded combo, the Atlantic City Expressway. They opened for Springsteen, for Southside Johnny And The Ashbury Jukes and then broke up.

"I was a high-school graduate, and in Sayreville that meant I was either gonna go to Middlesex County College, join the service, get a job in the Sunshine plant or the Hercules chemical factory, or be a rock'n'roll star."

Jon wound up with a day job sweeping up in a New York City recording studio owned by his second cousin. "When no one was in the studio, I could go in with whoever was the working assistant engineer and he would learn the board in the control room while I was learning to make records."

When *Runaway*, a demo by Jon that included E Street keyboardist Roy Bittan, got chosen for a regional compilation LP of newcomers by WAAP deejay Chip Hobart, Bongiovi became Bon Jovi, enlisting Dave Bryan and the oversexed saloon stalwarts Jon had kept bumping into: Tico, Alec and their chum, Richie, who had a combo called the Message.

If Jon had ever peeked in on the Sayreville High-Woodbridge High basketball games he might have encountered Richie much earlier.

"I was in a bar band like Jon, but I was committed to the team," recalls Sambora. "I brought my massive tape deck on to the court to play Mountain's *Mississippi Queen* for warm-ups. The coach kicked me off the varsity squad for partying too hard after we lost a game and chucking a brown-eye at the cheerleaders' bus. For the time being, I get paid very well for similar behavior."

Since 1984 they've made three LPs together: *Bon Jovi*, *7800 Fahrenheit* ("I thought," says Jon, "the title was the temperature where solid rock melted, but, aw, it's not important"), and *Slippery When Wet*. Appropriately, Bon Jovi also put two songs on the soundtrack to *Light Of Day*, the Joan Jett-Michael J. Fox movie about a broken-down "van band" raging against

BACK ISSUES

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JUNE '84	Conie Pound	Peter Brock	Dick Smith, Grant Kenny
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JAN '86	Regina Wild	Tony Greig	Australia's Best Bars
MAY '86	Linda Dubbeldeman	Angry Anderson	Joe Bugner, Roy Masters
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life's bleak returns for rock'n'roll.

The hardest part for Bon Jovi will be staying in synch with their outrageous appetites and ordinary aspirations as the record company machinery lifts them toward a prime tax bracket and classier patronage. Bon Jovi's idea of a good time may be its sole link, however tenuous, to a voracious but vanishing rock'n'roll ethos in which you followed your flawed heart wherever it led, never apologising, never compromising, never needing to explain anything beyond the barewires candor of the music itself.

Whether it's Springsteen, the Who or Joan Jett, they have all flourished in the past or the present because they became themselves, for better or worse. And Jimi Hendrix wasn't a victim of rock'n'roll, he died from being Jimi Hendrix. It's okay to be who you are in rock, so long as you're more comfortable with the fact than the image. Otherwise, the truth is quickly airbrushed over, deleted from bios and press releases, and in the future is addressed, if at all, far beyond the scope of popular tastes and judgements.

If rock'n'roll means anything, it means that nobody should ever be afraid of his hopes and hungers, that you can get a special thrill out of the fact that there's only one you and you're never gonna come again, and that there's nothing more important than at least trying to get what you want in life, from the rivetting woman across the room, to the sold-out coliseum where you can recreate the big beat that pounds in your chest. It's all a matter of personal agenda. Someday, when these guys grow up, there will be more to this story.

The band is due for a soundcheck at Chicago's Rosemont Horizon entertainment complex. Bon Jovi has a lot of collective details to attend to before hitting the stage, including a stop to pick up a band friend, Seka.

Seka? The most prepossessingly seductive blonde doxy in modern cinema porn? The super-siren who since her teens has headlined such classic cinema sex romps as *Between The Sheets*, *Lacy Affair Parts I & II*, and the 1980 scorcher, *Rockin' With Seka* — THAT Seka?

"Oh sure," she confirms. "I'm a very big fan."

And so it goes: another town, another show, another canny, thoroughly professional cowgirl along for the ride.

As Eric Polson put it, back at the strip pub's special goodbye bash, trying to characterise the *Slippery When Wet* band's last night in British Columbia: "Our club, our girls, are exactly like Bon Jovi — a high-energy party with a lot of friendliness and a great desire to please."

ROUGH DAYS (continued from page 76)

Stephens: "For the past eight years or so, I've done nothing except practise and play golf..."

plunks the ball half a metre from the pin. His expression doesn't alter one iota as he sinks the birdie putt.

He pars the next holes and comes to the 18th, nine over for the round. A par here will give him a total of 81 which, not to put too fine a point on it, is a fail mark. As his group approach the tee, the ABC Outside Broadcast team turn off the cameras and light up cigarettes.

"Yeah, great," remarks Baker-Finch sourly, "you really know you've had a good week when they turn off the camera as soon as they see you."

They should have left them on — Stephens drives down the middle, bangs a three wood 70 metres from the green, takes out a pitching wedge and puts the ball in the hole, for an eagle. The crowd, gathered for Greg Norman's victory march, goes delirious. Riley ritually grovels at Stephens' feet, then rises to pound his old pal on the back. Stephens allows himself a small smile and tips his visor to the gallery.

The eagle gave him a last round of 79, and 290 for the tournament. He tied for equal 31st with 12 others and won \$1026. He'd started the day 10th, with six other players, including Wayne Riley and Mike Harwood. Riley stayed equal 10th, and earned \$3216. Baker-Finch scrambled into fifth place and that was worth \$7488.

But Mike Harwood streaked around in a new course record of 64 for first place and \$32,400. Norman fumbled around in 72 — second place and \$19,440, but that's golf, folks. And who's to say the day wasn't as disastrous for Greg as it was for Stephens, even though for one the result was pocket money, for the other, existence? For both, the major loss was in pride of performance and unfulfilled self-expectation.

In 1986 Robert Stephens's best result was fifth in the WA Nedlands Masters, his worst was failing to make the cut in the Australian Open. On the pro am circuit, he finished in a three-way tie for most wins (seven) and got disqualified for a year.

Neither he, nor the PGA, want to talk about that last item, so there's an abundance of loose gossip from which to choose. One story says, while playing in steamy Fiji he peeled off his sweat-soaked shirt and walked down the fairway bare-chested. He's also supposed to have addressed an official as "you black cunt". Stephens denies both charges.

Other stories have Stephens telling officious pro am sponsors where to go, and pedantic club officials where they could put their load of Local Rules and Regulations.

"Each PGA member must voluntarily

submit to standards of behavior and ethical conduct beyond those of ordinary golfers and the public," said PGA tour chief Terry Donoghue, imposing the suspension and a \$1000 fine. But it is not beyond possibility that another player, with a more vivacious personality, might sin similarly, and be forgiven for flashing a smile, and professing instant apologies.

But Rob Stephens has not learned the art of ingratiation, and maybe never will. "If they say I can't play pro ams here, then I'll just have to qualify for the European circuit," he says.

A decade ago, the European circuit was open slather for just about any ambitious golf pro. No longer. A late '70s/early '80s revival, led by Greg Norman, Seve Ballesteros, Bernhard Langer and Sandy Lyle has resulted in a glittering standard of golf, and barrels of prize money, so competition for a place is fierce.

One hundred and forty four players get a start in each major European tournament, but there are 125 exempt players already on the circuit. Stephens flew to the qualifying school in Spain to fight for one of the 20 places still up for grabs.

He was one of 150 players, and the tournament was a pressure-boiling 108 holes instead of 72. After five rounds he wasn't near the top 50. Then he started burning, carded a 67, and ended up 25th.

So near, yet so far — he won a Players Card, but still had to pre-qualify for the vast majority of tournaments. It meant travelling Europe the same way he started in Australia — a week-to-week, undignified scrimp of scuttling for fare, food and hotel money.

"Sometimes you wonder what it's all about," he says. "For the past eight years or so, I've done nothing except practise and play golf and sometimes you think of all the other things you could have done."

But he doesn't often think like that. He is truly bitten by the golf dream and his priorities are clear.

"The most important thing for me is to learn how to handle pressure better, and to organise myself, so when I start winning tournaments, I'll be ready to handle the increased pressure."

Robert Stephens will be in Australia for the summer circuit this October. If he could just eliminate that one bad-to-disastrous round every tournament, he could be up there on the leader board, with the big boys.

There are some who think he'll never do it. But Robert Stephens believes he's going to make the golfing dream come true.



"You'll find Uncle Trevor refreshingly unpretentious."

SOCCER (continued from page 54)

The ability to tame that ball could take a kid out of the slums and elevate him to superstardom.

is worthy of such an unfavorable analogy because I've been on the inside to witness the nightmare first hand. In seven years' active involvement, for part of which I was a director of a national soccer league club, I had a grandstand seat as soccer stumbled from one disaster to the next. I watched and agonised while the game that should have had the ball at its feet continually stubbed its toe instead of kicking on.

The way in which the code kicked dirt in the face of its most loyal servants and elevated the causes of those who had the least to offer never ceased to amaze me. If I thought soccer was a can of worms before I got involved, from the inside it turned out to be much worse than I'd ever imagined.

Pele called soccer the beautiful game. I've always known what he meant by that. It had long drawn me to the code in search of that flash of light, that ray of genius that elevated a simple ball game to a thing of beauty. I love all sport but had always thought that there was something special about the world's most popular code. The ability to tame that ball could take a kid out of the slums of Sao Paulo, Brazil, and elevate him to superstardom.

Unlike the other codes, soccer placed less emphasis on physical conformation, giving rise to the hope that anybody, even from the most humble of origins and in spite of the greatest disadvantages, could become a star. From the gazelle-like Johann Cruyff to the pocket dynamism of Maradona, it was apparent that soccer genius came in all shapes and sizes. In the faces of kids playing the game for little more than the sheer joy of it, I'd caught a glimpse of a future that saw Australia, free of cynicism and sheer self-interest, taking its place alongside the great soccer powers.

This was what drew me to the sport. I wanted Pele's beautiful game to flourish Down Under. I didn't know it then, but I do now — I was wasting my time.

Superficially, Australian soccer looks all right. There's heaps of kids playing the game, we've got a modestly successful national side and our elite players parade around in something that passes for a national competition. Plenty of minority sports would be happy with such a profile. But nobody is fooled. Oz soccer has a credibility gap bigger than Sydney Heads and nobody knows what to do about it.

You sense it when sporting editors, or anyone who knows his way around a changeroom, asks why Craig Johnston and Tony Dorigo won't play for Australia. Two of the best players ever to leave these shores to make it in the English first division were

both on stand-by for England when the Poms played Brazil at Wembley last May. Dorigo, the defender who recently joined Chelsea in a \$1million transfer from Aston Villa, repeatedly vowed he would never make himself available for Australia, even if it meant forgoing an international career. Johnston, of Liverpool, has said that had he made his mark in any sport other than soccer, he could have willingly pulled on the green and gold, but in an aside attributed to him some years ago, he supposedly compared playing soccer for Australia to being picked in an English surfing team.

I don't blame Dorigo and Johnston one bit. Aussie soccer and the people who administer it do not engender loyalty. Not even among those who do wear the green and gold. A former metropolitan soccer journalist told me that during the 1986 World Cup eliminations, when relations between players and bosses were strained, a senior Socceroo rallied the troops by calling on them to do well, not for the sake of the Australian Soccer Federation trumps, but in spite of them. That cynicism runs right throughout the game and you don't have to

spend long on the inside to understand why.

It's the late '70s and the club with which I am associated is going through the motions of winding up a season of mixed blessings. The club coach is preparing for Sunday's away game when his office phone rings. He answers it, mildly surprised to hear the voice of an out-of-town journalist. I say surprised because we are not due to play a side from that town until the following weekend. With the small talk out of the way, the journalist gets down to the real purpose of the call. He is acting on behalf of a club deep in relegation danger. The club, he says, has \$1000 for our coach if he can contrive to arrange for our upcoming away game to result in a draw.

At the very least, this sounds highly improper, so our coach reports it to the club secretary, who takes all details and passes them on to the league's executive. Should these matters become public, the affair would doubtlessly reflect badly on the game. Meanwhile, we speculate what the penalties might be — a heavy fine, perhaps, or maybe a lengthy suspension. That's the sort of action you would expect from most governing bodies. But not soccer.

The league heard our submission and decided to do nothing because the person who made the bribe offer did not hold office with the club in question. Moreover, while the league rules dealt with contriving to deliberately lose a game, there was nothing

in the rule book saying that you could not deliberately cook up a draw.

What we came to learn in ensuing seasons was that some clubs, including the one in the attempted bribe scam, were given preferred treatment. If they did something wrong, you could bet the league bosses were looking the other way. If they had one of their frequent bouts of crowd violence, the league pompously brushed it off as a bit of media overkill, even though some players might be quoted as being in fear of their lives. Sweep it under the carpet, ignore it, cover it up, but whatever you do, don't have an official investigation, don't censure those in the wrong, don't do anything that might amount to the decent thing. This was the way the league conducted its business in the interests of certain clubs.

To comprehend why such a system is allowed to flourish, you must first understand the shadowy world of soccer politics. What we're talking about here has nothing to do with sports administration but rather the art of being a big man within the confines of your ethnic community. If you are king of the soccer heap you carry a very big stick within your social group. To guarantee you stay on top you use your position as a bargaining tool within the soccer hierarchy. The process becomes a series of trade-offs. You do me a favor now and when the time comes, I'll do one for you. In this way the process of administration becomes factionalised, blocs form,

political divisions widen and the same cynical hands stay gripping the reins of Australian soccer, year in and year out. Rarely is self-interest abandoned for the good of the game. Within this environment vendettas flourish, the honest traders drop from the scene and long-term planning becomes something of a sad joke.

To illustrate the cancerous effect of this system, let me point to the very composition of the current 14-team national league. After a disastrous four-year flirtation with an unwieldy competition made up of two separate divisions of 12 teams, the league decided two seasons ago to revert to a 14-club, single-division format. This entailed lopping 10 clubs from the total of 24 in the two divisions. Imagine the scramble as 24 clubs cut each other's throats to score the 14 coveted places.

The most intriguing part of the exercise was determining the criteria by which clubs would qualify for the 14-team league. What ensued was pure farce. The original format was revised and revised again as it became apparent that some of the game's power brokers were about to lose their positions. In the crazy formula that was eventually accepted, no provision was made for such aspects as youth development, provision and marketing, crowd behavior or ground amenities. Instead, the bulk of qualifying points were drawn from how the clubs performed in the current season. This meant that one or two clubs which had

consistently run near the bottom of the ladder, had no youth or junior development programs, shameful histories of crowd violence and woeful marketing records managed to beat the cut. This, in the case of one club, was achieved by flying in a number of top flight players from Europe on short-term contracts in order to collect enough competition points to help the club pass muster. Meanwhile, deserving clubs which had consistently acted within the game's best interests were dropped from the league.

By this stage, the clubs that continually copped the rough end of the pineapple were well and truly used to such treatment.

During my days as a delegate to the council of clubs I witnessed all sorts of rorts. One involved a complaint from a club which had fronted up for an away game, only to see a sign on the gate announcing that due to the state of the ground, the match was called off. A subsequent investigation proved that nobody with the authority to do so (in this case the local council or the match referee) had called the game off. The home club, without consulting anybody, had made an ad hoc decision and tried to blame it on the local council. It turned out the home club had a couple of players on representative duty plus one or two injuries and had been drawn to play the then competition leaders that weekend.

Let me remind you that this was happening in what was supposed to be



Watch it, ref! One of "frequent bouts of crowd violence" pompously brushed off by the league as "media overkill". Left: Used to frustration: Charlie Yankos, Australian captain and Apia defender.

Australia's elite club competition. (Can you imagine the stink if this happened in the VFL or Sydney rugby league premiership?!) A club had flagrantly disregarded the competition draw and, off its own bat, attempted to have the match deferred. At the least, it amounted to a forfeit and one would expect any governing body to take the strongest punitive measures available.

But this was Australian soccer. There was no forfeit called. The league's central committee met in camera and imposed a suspended sentence (as if the club would do it again!) which amounted to no penalty at all. The wronged club protested verbally and in writing but it wasn't until almost three months later that they got the chance to voice their disgust with the way the league had dealt with the matter. Rather than this meeting taking place before the full council of clubs, the heavies held it within committee where the original decision was upheld. I can remember glancing around the room when this news was relayed; some guys there didn't know where to look but they didn't have the guts to speak out against those who were calling the shots.

It seemed that everywhere you looked, this art of coercion was rife in soccer, in one way or another. The most sickening pressure of them all was the threat of crowd violence and it was always there, part by-product of the ethnic rivalries that have long existed in the Australian game and part admission that there is no such thing as a fair go.

The failure of the authorities to tackle crowd violence head on, to come down heavily on those clubs whose fans frequently staged ground invasions, threatened referees, and assaulted rival spectators and players cannot be excused. The most disgusting aspect of violence is that the clubs responsible for the worst offences have usually managed to benefit from their

terrible behavioral records. Let me explain.

A referee performs the task for many reasons other than the cash. The last thing he needs is to have his car doors kicked in, be spat upon, receive phone calls in the middle of the night or suffer injury to his person or family. (In the third year of the national league a Melbourne referee was savagely beaten by fans during a ground invasion.) Because of woeful security measures and the league's failure to police the matter, the threat of a referee being thumped is always present. Players have long known that at certain away games the implicit threat of violence contrives to affect the referee's performance. Simply, he wants to get home unscathed. A senior referee who called it quits a couple of seasons ago, after being one of the top three in the country, confirmed at his retirement function that he had consistently bowed to crowd pressure when he sensed that violence might ensue.

During the second year of my involvement with the club we were drawing 1-all in an away game when our left back took a corner kick which was headed down for our central defender to stab the ball into the net. 2-1, we thought, you beauty. No such luck. The ref blew his whistle and, to the amazement of our mob, ruled that the corner kick had gone out of play in mid-air. We knew this was impossible because the man who took the kicks from the left did so because he could make them swing in towards the goalmouth. There was no way the ball could have gone out in flight. Moreover, the linesman was standing right behind the flight of the ball and therefore had a far better view than the ref. The left back turned to the linesman and said, "You know it didn't go out, tell the ref!" The linesman replied: "What, and have to face that mob," jabbing his flag in the direction of the fans.

There was one season where we ran fifth in the premiership, yet we had the second best attacking record and the best defensive statistics. How come? With those figures we

should have been first, or at worst, second on the ladder. Our players knew the reason. Refereeing. Our home fans were peaceful so referees were given a fair shake. But when we played away from home... During that season, despite our splendid attacking record, we were not awarded a single penalty at home. I don't say we were badly done by because there would have been at least half a dozen clubs suffering the same problem. It meant that it made it bloody difficult for the likes of us to have a genuine chance of winning the championship.

The above is only the tip of the iceberg. You know there is something wrong with the game you love when you walk into a newspaper office or TV station and the sports editor or producer rolls his eyes in despair at the mention of soccer. These guys don't mind the game — providing it's the well-packaged version that comes in from the UK. After all, figures suggested that at least one in two Australian households tune in to the FA Cup Final. Soccer administrators moan about this attitude but the surveys are against them. I've regularly polled local juniors to see if they can name a leading member of the Socceroos squad. No luck. But they'll run off about VFL or rugby league stars and you can bet they'll know a bit about the English first division.

The plain fact is that marketing forces are against Australian soccer. The kid who runs around in his local junior Aussie environment, secure in the company of his mates and the familiarity of his suburban push, finds it difficult to make the step into a world of Croatias, Hellases, Juventuses and Macedonias. I've heard of cases of coach and director discussing a player's contract in front of him in a language other than English, safe in the knowledge that he cannot understand them. It is true that the ethnic communities are the lifeblood of the game in Australia. By the same token, they are denying it a real future.

You don't have to be a genius to know that the flow of migrants from Southern Europe has all but dried up, and with it the power base of support for the traditional soccer communities. Jeff Fenech, the little Aussie battler, is of Maltese extraction and proud of it. The difference between Fenech and soccer is that he has been marketed to the entire Australian populace instead of being locked away within the confines of one community.

That brings us to the matter of TV. Modern sport cannot survive at a viable level without it. Australian soccer is expertly covered by the SBS Network but, unfortunately, it is preaching to the converted. Soccer's attempts to sell itself to a commercial telecaster have been one on-going joke that has amounted to nothing save for driving the game further into the self-contained confines of the ethnic communities. Most commercial TV sports producers are happy to see soccer on SBS. That way, they don't have to deal with it.

"It's an ethnic game," they say. "Let the ethnic channel look after it while we concentrate on the majority sports."

Years ago, it looked like Kerry Packer wanted to take soccer and market it along World Series Cricket lines, complete with the fanfare, classy television and color. The story goes that a marketing man advised the Australian Soccer Federation that it should retain all merchandising rights instead of handing them over to Packer's PBL. The ASF took that advice and Packer walked away from the deal. No commercial organisation has been willing to come near soccer since.

I was sitting in the office of the general manager of a leading advertising agency famous for a line of commercials based on sporting legends. The GM was telling me about his brush with soccer. The agency had wanted to include an Aussie soccer club in the series and had approached a Sydney outfit. By the time the word got around the soccer community, every middle-man, shyster, con-man and hanger-on had tried to stitch himself into the negotiations. The agency threw up its hands in despair and made a hasty exit. Once again, soccer lost out.

There's an old saying within the ranks of the Aussie round ball code: "Soccer doesn't need enemies, it's got enough of its own."

This cancerous process has left the game bereft of heroes. Despite having legions of kids playing the game, soccer is cursed with a scandalous drop-off rate exacerbated by the fact that most of the senior clubs have nothing that amounts to youth development programs. Instead of investing in the local product, they regularly stock their ranks with second-rate performers (mostly tried and proven failures) from the UK and Europe. While rugby league and VFL fans troop off to their local grounds to see the neighborhood hero run around, the dwindling number of soccer fans are left to contemplate a bunch of strangers drawn together from the four corners of the planet. In the process, the talented Aussie kid might be left to wither on the vine.

In 1981, a crackerjack bunch of Aussie teenagers knocked off world champions Argentina in the finals of the World Youth Cup in Australia. Our boys outplayed the Argies and thoroughly deserved the result. In 1986, Argentina's senior side, led by Diego Maradona, won the World Cup. Included in the squad were four of the players, among them the brilliant Jorge Lewis Burruchaga, who lost to Australia in 1981.

There is no doubt that we have the raw material in this country but somewhere along the line, we manage to blow the project. Just like The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight.

* Andrew Stavros is a pseudonym. The author's real name has been suppressed for legal reasons.



"Rule Number One: Never let them know you're afraid. This can be a real test of your anti-perspirant."

It is now known that General Vernon Walters met with Colonel Rabuka during his visit in May.

hospital ship on its way to Fiji," Secretary of State Shultz said. "Not because of problems in Fiji, but that's where it will be headquartered, to serve people in the islands. And that represents a statement of...er...long-term interest in Fiji."

This hardly accords with General Vernon Walters's previous request concerning a courtesy visit by a hospital ship. Seven weeks later, one of the world's biggest floating hospitals was to be headquartered in Suva. Following this turn-around, we approached US Secretary of Defence Caspar Weinberger on the subject of possible American complicity in the Fijian coup.

"A Bavadra government member, Mr Noor Dean, has alleged that some of the soldiers who were involved in the coup with

Colonel Rabuka were Americans. In the light of this, will you confirm or deny that an American transport plane, a C-130, landed at Nadi Airport on May 12, carrying about 15 black American personnel?" we asked Weinberger.

A quite perturbed Weinberger replied: "No, I don't think there is anything to that. Er, er, there is no connection whatever with, er, any, er, American activities and the activities going on in, the, in Fiji. It's certainly nothing directly or remotely connected with the incidents that you have mentioned. I know nothing about that."

"The sources are from within the Fijian administration. Do you feel the claims made by Mr Dean warrant an investigation of any sort?" we asked.

"Well, no, we've seen so many claims that

are made, and reports that are made, that don't have any foundation, that we can't go around investigating everything, particularly nothing that we know is as groundless as that."

Weinberger did not specifically deny the existence of the flight, but denied its involvement in the coup. But the question remains of what this C-130 was doing in Fiji.

It is now known that Vernon Walters met with Colonel Rabuka during his visit in May. At the time Rabuka was only the third-ranking officer in the Fijian military, whereas Walters is a top-flight Reagan aide and an ex-ambassador to the UN. Why would he take time out to talk with an unknown lieutenant-colonel?

US Navy and, for the first time, Marine Corps ships began arriving in Sydney on June 3. On June 10, with many ships in town, a Fijian became involved in a conversation with some black marines in the Paradise Club at Kings Cross. He said, to one distinctly light-skinned marine: "If you were in Fiji, you could be taken for a Fijian." The marine replied, "But I'm not American. I am from the Dominican Republic. Isn't it funny, my country was invaded by the marines in 1965, and here I am doing the same thing in the Pacific."

The Dominican was referring to the invasion of his country on April 29 1965 by US troops, marines and soldiers, who intervened against the democratic leftist forces of Juan Bosch. Juan Bosch had been elected president of the Dominican Republic in 1962. After heavy fighting the American troops installed a right-wing government.

The US has shown a long-term interest in the South Pacific and specifically Fiji. William Bodde Jr, US Ambassador to Fiji, speaking at a luncheon at the Kahala Hilton in Hawaii in 1982, said, "The most potentially disruptive development for US relations with the region...a nuclear-free zone would be unacceptable to the United States, given our strategic needs. I am convinced that the United States must do everything possible to counter this movement. It will not be an easy task, but it is one that we cannot afford to neglect."

Four years later, in 1986, Admiral Ronald J. Hays, Commander in Chief, Pacific (CINCPAC), said: "I am concerned at the growth of the Fijian Labor Party."

During the years preceding the comments of Admiral Hays, the Americans were given a saloon passage in Fiji. Already in 1983, the incumbent prime minister, Ratu Mara, was lavishly praised by President Reagan for his "political courage" in reversing an earlier popular ban on nuclear-powered and nuclear-armed warships. De facto, this applied to American ships. Secretary of State George Shultz said to Mara: "Your decision to restore access to US naval vessels was both bold and wise, and peace in the Pacific is more secure because of it." In 1983, Mara was voted "Man Of

The Year" by the foundation for the Peoples of the South Pacific. This foundation is funded by the US Agency for International Development (USAID). USAID then opened a South Pacific regional office in Suva, headed by one William E. Paupe. Paupe has been linked to the funding, through Mr Apusai Tora, of the Taukei movement, an extremist group, fanatically opposed to the Bavadra government.

When we interviewed Tora, he dismissed Prime Minister Bavadra's allegations that he received US\$200,000 (\$A300,000) from CIA funds via William Paupe as lies. However Tora did admit receiving US\$25,000 (\$A40,000) from Paupe to build a community hut in his home village of Natalau. Queried about the absence of any such hut, Tora stated that construction had begun, but the building had been blown away by the 1985 hurricane. According to Bavadra supporters, Tora, a minister in the defeated Ratu Mara Alliance government, has, however, built a house worth some US\$300,000 (\$A450,000), which would have been hard to finance from his official salary. A cynical Fijian commented: "But that kind of thing happens in Australia as well."

Following the April 12 election win by Bavadra's Labor-led coalition, the US was not slow in showing its displeasure at the new government's non-aligned and anti-nuclear positions. The Americans did not send the traditional note of congratulation

to the new government. The US State Department said at the time: "It concerns us because the proliferation of nuclear-free zones...could offset our ability to deter the Soviet Union."

After the May 14 military coup, Ratu Mara claimed that Secretary of State George Shultz had "given his blessings to the post-coup provisional government, and that the US was on stand-by to help if needed". But these claims were vigorously denied by the US embassy in Fiji.

Officially the US government had nothing to do with the armed take-over of a democratically elected parliament. It was, say the Americans, purely an internal Fijian affair, due to the indigenous Melanesians' fear of domination by the Indians, camouflaged behind the multi-racial Fiji Labor Party.

But were there not spooks behind the curtain?

Was Vernon Walters innocently requesting a courtesy visit by a hospital ship and no longer a coup-monger, as he had admittedly been:

- in Iran in 1953, when he helped overthrow the Mossadegh nationalist government and restore the Shah for another 25 years;
- in Brazil in 1964, where he played a leading role in his friend General Branco's coup against the elected Goulart government;
- and in Chile, during the 1973 Pinochet

coup against Allende, when he was deputy director of the CIA?

Was the John K. Singlaub who, according to Bavadra aide Dr Jim Anthony, had signed the register of The Fijian Hotel in Namuca on May 11, three days before the coup (a register which has now disappeared), any relation to the same-named retired major-general who is currently president of the World Anti-Communist League's American chapter?

And is it absurd, as William Paupe says, to link the 55-year-old USAID Southern Pacific Regional Director in Suva to the CIA?

Or could, as Noor Dean and other eye-witnesses maintain, some or all of Colonel Rabuka's soldiers really have been US marines?

In an interview in Sydney Joele Kalau, the Minister Of Labor And Immigration in the Bavadra government (and himself a Melanesian), told us that during his talks with Foreign Minister Krishna Datt on May 1, Vernon Walters apparently said, in jocular fashion, "Coups follow me around. If a coup were to happen here, that would be an accident. It would have nothing to do with me."

When Datt told other ministers, they were perplexed that the subject should have been mentioned, but took it as a joke.

Two weeks later they stopped laughing.



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CONDOM (continued from page 53)

There was one with a row of dorsal fins like something out of a 1950s horror movie.

about to pass legislation." While the Victorian and NSW governments are well on side, Laski stresses that's only come about in the past couple of years. "Until the death of Rock Hudson, we met with a very negative response from state governments," he says. "We were knocking on the doors of health departments around Australia asking for the laws to be changed, but no one wanted to know about us."

Laski says the Grim Reaper campaign gave the condom industry the boost it really needed. "It must have affected the toothbrush trade because condoms are now a household word," he said, referring to the embarrassment traditionally experienced by men buying condoms at the chemist, which made them ask for toothbrushes, or whatever, instead.

According to Laski, women constitute the prime market for condoms, accounting for more than 60 percent of sales. "Women took the Pill, now they're carrying the condoms," he says.

That's no doubt why Ansell got a wholesome-looking girl to sing the praises of a condom containing Nonoxynol-9, said to kill the AIDS virus. Ansell's next biggest competitor in Australia, Durex, has made a similar pitch by booking all its print advertising in mainstream women's magazines. And in Adelaide, another condom company is distributing a range called Lady Protex, destined for the feminine hygiene counter in supermarkets and other stores.

Stamford Hygiene, the company selling the Protex range, also has a network of vending machines, but it doesn't sell them to other parties, preferring to own and operate its machines on a low but profitable margin. "A lot of people have got their fingers burned buying condom machines," says Tom Stanhope, a director of Stamford Hygiene. "It's like Space Invaders. A lot of promises are made, but the returns per machine can be so small that people end up abandoning them."

Damage and maintenance are other considerations. A country newspaper recently carried a front-page headed: MAN ASSAULTS CONDOM MACHINE. The *Cooma Observer* told how one Geoff Salvestro vented his fury on a machine in a pub toilet. Salvestro's counsel told the local court his client had placed three \$1 coins in the device without getting any condoms. As a result, he experienced "deep frustration". The magistrate fined Salvestro \$90 and ordered that \$10 compensation be paid to Medivend, the makers of the machine.

Condom machines have been in use overseas for years and in liberal countries

such as Sweden, they're located in the street. But in this country, condoms have long suffered from an acceptance problem more far-reaching than the mere banning of contraceptive vending machines. In the early 1960s, Richard Neville and other notables were tried on obscenity charges over a university magazine cartoon. The main item of offence appeared to be reference to the "frog in the wallet" of a young man on a big night out. More than a decade later, things hadn't really improved. Tony Carp of RCR Rubber says, "We exhibited at a trade fair in the Sydney Hilton in the mid-'70s and weren't allowed to display our condoms."

Even in the AIDS-aware 1980s, condom companies have had difficulty in getting a platform. Ansell had its first TV commercial rejected by the TEN Network. It's difficult to see why as that particular ad was far from explicit. It was the one in which you see a couple arriving home and the lights going off in their block of units. If you weren't familiar with the product you'd have thought it was a commercial for long-life light bulbs. Ansell's regional director, Chris Humphry, said TEN eventually changed its mind after the commercial went to air on other networks. That all happened just one year ago.

Ansell is market leader of the Australian condom industry and the only company to manufacture locally.

Biggest seller in the Ansell product range is Chekmate, a standard lubricated condom and son of the famous Wetchek. On TV, the company is pushing its Lifestyles product, with emphasis on the Ultrasure variety containing Nonoxynol-9. It's a spermicidal which in laboratory tests was found to have the very useful side-effect of killing the AIDS virus on contact. "The lab tests don't emulate a real-life situation," admits Humphry, "but assuming the condom doesn't burst, the semen should mix with the measured dose of Nonoxynol-9 which is in the nipple of the condom."

Other products from Ansell include its Affinity and Reaction lines. These are standard and ribbed condoms packaged for general distribution (ie with the word "condom" in very, very small print). Plus there's a novelty Ansell condom called Rough Rider. It's studded with hundreds of raised rubber dots for "maximum stimulation". Of the female, that is. Rough Rider is two times thicker than average, reducing male sensitivity. Premature ejaculators, please take note.

A similar effect to that of Rough Rider, but without the studs, can be had from a

product put out by one of Ansell's new competitors. The Duo Gold Sustaining Condom is extra-thick and promoted as a love-making aid. Another condom in the Duo Gold range offers a combination of studs and ribs.

If you want to try *real* novelty with ticklers and other such attachments, you'll have to visit a sex shop. At the Pleasure Chest in Darlinghurst Road in Sydney's Kings Cross I was shown a range of German-made reusable condoms (they'd want to be at \$5 each).

There were 12 different types and every one looked grotesque.

Some of them had surface abrasions which looked straight from the pages of a venereal disease textbook. Others had frightening growths at the end such as a spiky, chestnut-like bulb and a thing resembling a three-fingered hand. And there was one with a row of dorsal fins which would make your penis look like something out of a 1950s horror movie. Despite the daunting appearance of these Lavetra brand condoms, the blurb on the packing announced: "Sexual repugnance and manifestations of frigidity will be overcome in an easier manner." Presumably if you can make a girl laugh, she'll be more affectionate!

The man behind the sex shop counter said he sold few of those condoms. The big movers were Ansell's Chekmate and Lifestyles plus an Italian range called Personal. "Ansell condoms come in packets of either three or 12," said the man. "Three might not be enough for an energetic couple and a packet of 12 isn't something you can put in your pocket out of sight. The Personal condoms are in a pack of six, so they fill the gap."

Unfortunately, the research tells us heterosexual Australian men still aren't tending to carry three, six, twelve or any other denominations of condoms. But at the same time, there's evidence of a drop-off in usage of the Pill by some females — why double up on condoms with a drug which has side-effects?

The plain fact is, we men are going to have to like it or lump it. It's condoms or forget it. As the Grim Reaper pronounces: "Always wear condoms. Always." Men who enjoy casual flings (and that's a substantial portion of the male population) are going to find themselves obeying the edict on the insistence of their partners. Most women these days are aware they run a much higher risk of catching AIDS through sexual transmission than a man does.

Indeed, if you got it on with a girl on a casual basis and she *didn't* suggest condoms, it could be cause to worry. It might mean she already had the AIDS virus. That may be paranoid, but these are paranoid times.

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DICK SMITH (continued from page 36)

I have no fear of death whatsoever. I have a fear of what my family would do.

SMITH: I would say to him that decisions are made all the time for the greater common good and sometimes that tramples an individual's rights. That's a problem, I admit, but that's the balance we must strike. **PLAYBOY:** What's the future of Australia's wilderness areas?

SMITH: We really don't have any true wilderness left in Australia. In my flight around the world, all 65,000 kilometres of it, I only saw a tiny amount of true wilderness area: the southern coasts of Irian Jaya.

Another thing: in Japan they don't allow anyone to chop down a tree. They come down here and chop down ours and good luck to them if they can get away with it and we're foolish enough to allow them to do it. The forests in Japan, therefore, are magnificent.

PLAYBOY: Why are wilderness areas so special to you?

SMITH: I have an incredible love for places like the outback. I love just lying out there beside Coopers Creek, or the banks of a waterhole. I could spend two or three weeks there, and I'm not a very patient person. It's hard to understand. It's a love that builds up. It's part of Australia: its wilderness. It's having a feeling, too, about the early explorers and our history.

PLAYBOY: Do you have an affinity with the early explorers?

SMITH: They're my heroes. I always wish I was born a hundred years earlier so I could really go out and test myself in the ways they did. I'm jealous of them.

PLAYBOY: Do you think all the real exploring challenges in the world have passed you by?

SMITH: Well, I still got to the north pole in my helicopter. I mean, what's there? Nothing! Just a speck of ocean with ice on it. People ask me why I bother and I can't really say.

PLAYBOY: You're not going to say "because it's there," are you?

SMITH: The challenge is the only reason. It's because I want to do it. When I first tried to get to the north pole, I got to within 150 kays of it. Everyone said why didn't I just say I'd made it, who would know? But I wouldn't think of it. I'm the only one who really wants to know. The whole point is that I got there.

PLAYBOY: When you push yourself, like you do, into some fairly dangerous territory, do you ever get the feeling that you're cheating death?

SMITH: I don't do any of these things thinking I'm going to die, but I get very frightened. I have no fear of death whatsoever. I have a fear of what my family

would do. I have a fear about people close to me dying. I have a fear of being unhealthy. But not death. I get scared when things go wrong and I hate it.

PLAYBOY: Do you hate it or yourself?

SMITH: I hate myself for getting myself into that position. I've burst into tears when things have gone wrong. I think to myself that if I could just get out of here I'll never do it again. My stomach turns. It's really ridiculous.

PLAYBOY: So where's the fulfilment?

SMITH: Oh, when I finish there's a feeling of enormous satisfaction. What's strange, though, is that after I flew the solo flight around the world I said I would never fly a single-engined helicopter with no floats over oceans again — it's a bit like Russian roulette. And now, I fly up the Australian east coast and I get an urge to turn right and head out over the Pacific. It's like a drug.

PLAYBOY: Well, what kind of addict are you? What is it like to be around you when you're full on with a project such as the north pole attempt?

SMITH: I'm not impossible. I'm very coldly calculating and organised. If you're going to live through such a thing you have to be totally on top of it. I think I'm relaxed, and at the same time thinking of a lot of things: the complications that can occur with navigating, filming, and the weather are all in one person's mind. It's what a four-man crew on a Jumbo would have to cope with on an air route they're not allowed to fly unless familiar with the route from previous dummy-run flights.

PLAYBOY: Is there a nagging bug inside you to continue with your adventures?

SMITH: About every two years something gets into me that says I have to do it. I hope I don't have this thing for the rest of my life, because you can push it too much. My heroes — Smithy and Hinkler — lost their lives because of it, because they tried the odds too much and it caught up with them.

PLAYBOY: You've been very lucky up to now. What are the odds of you becoming a big-time publisher? Are you out to break the stranglehold just a few have on the Australian media?

SMITH: I have no ambitions to become a big publisher. I'm a nervous wreck now trying to publish one magazine and keeping it 100 percent. I do intend, however, to run a newspaper at the end of the year called *The Real Australian*, mainly because *The Australian* newspaper has suppressed my advertisements and what I have wanted to say about cigarette advertising.

PLAYBOY: The smoking debate is going to go on forever, isn't it? It seems as if there's

no simple solution.

SMITH: Look, I'm not anti-smoking. I believe people have a right to do anything they want as long as they don't harm others. The thing is, we have a product which has no safe level of use. It's the only legal product that has no safe usage level, and the government is spending our money telling people not to buy it. When it gets to that point, I believe it's time to stop promoting it.

PLAYBOY: Where do you stand on religion?

SMITH: I guess I'm agnostic about agnosticism. The only problem I have about religion is that if you pick one, you've got to say all the others are wrong. I can't do that. And so many are opposed to each other. They can't all be right, of course. I know I'm not an atheist, but I don't know if I'm an agnostic. I don't think about it very much. I figure when it's time for me to meet my maker, he can make up his own mind about what to do with me. I do have one big problem with Christianity — some Christians I know are so unbelievably greedy and selfish, and that turns me right off.

PLAYBOY: Have you come up against the "old school tie" brigade?

SMITH: I've never been part of that "old" scene, and never really wanted to. Since I've been pretty vocal recently about the wealthy, which doesn't make the wealthy very comfortable, I haven't been invited to the social functions which I used to be invited to but never went to anyway. I think they've struck me off their list because they're worried about me trying to give them a conscience.

PLAYBOY: How are you going in the battle to survive the tall-poppy syndrome?

SMITH: I don't know if I am really surviving it. I look upon surviving the tall-poppy syndrome as a wonderful challenge. I constantly fall victim to it myself, too. It's totally human. I feel jealous of people, too. I find myself thinking, when I've heard that someone has given a lot of money away, that it must be a con, which must be what people think about me. It's not, in mine and most other cases, but such thoughts really bring me down to a good level. And it's good to be able to admit to it as well; I understand how people can feel it about me.

PLAYBOY: With all those people jealous of you, and with your attacks on the media over the past few months, you haven't become Australia's richest yet most hated man, have you?

SMITH: I'm not sure.

PLAYBOY: Do you care?

SMITH: Oh yes, I want to be well thought of. It's just so easy and gutless to not rock the boat and be liked by everyone. The big question is: do you stand up and be counted? I realise there are risks, but in 10 or 20 years time I hope I can look back and say it was all worth while.



SEX

Leading sexologist Bettina Arndt brings you the latest sex news and views.

I am a 20-year-old male living with my girlfriend. I love her very much and we are soon to be engaged. We have a very active sex life but our sex sessions are limited due to a few problems.

I enjoy giving my girlfriend pleasure but although I always climax during sex, the sensations I get are very weak, and thus provide satisfaction without pleasure.

As for my girlfriend, it is very hard to get her aroused. I can kiss her neck and nipples and stimulate her clitoris, yet she still remains dry between the legs, although she claims to be very horny. During actual intercourse she doesn't manage to climax unless one of us gives direct stimulation to her clitoris with fingers or a vibrator, both of which sometimes require uncomfortable positions.

During our sex sessions we usually have a reasonable amount of foreplay and I make her climax before we have intercourse. By using this method she is able to maintain orgasm until I do, which is usually soon after I penetrate her. But unlike me she gets a great deal of pleasure out of her orgasm.

There is also no such thing as a quickie for us as it takes her about 20-30 minutes of stimulation before she starts to reach orgasm. We have tried sex in many positions and she also likes using the vibrator. I have a 19cm uncircumcised penis and she has a small hooded clitoris. We both are very open-minded about sex and would very much appreciate any advice you could give us which would lead to a more pleasurable sex life.

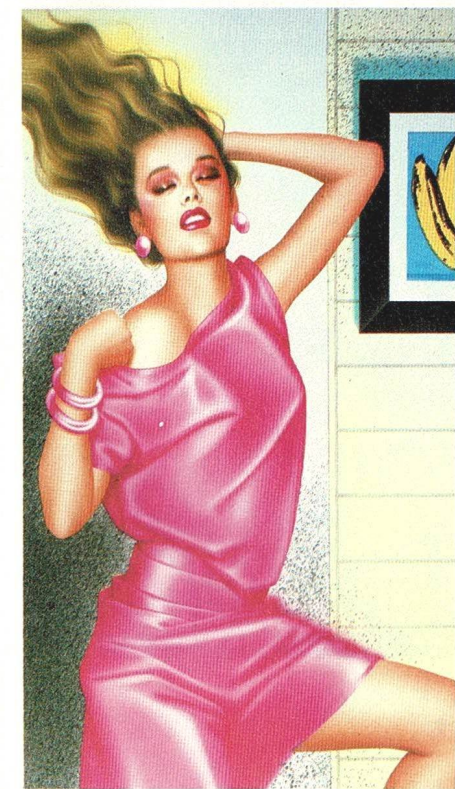
—L.S., Vic.

It sounds as if your girlfriend's response is very normal indeed. It is very common for young women to need quite prolonged stimulation in order to climax, and most do need the type of direct clitoral stimulation you describe. You complain her pattern of response means sex is very limited. I don't see why this should be so. Is it always necessary for her to climax in order for her to enjoy lovemaking? There are many women who enjoy a quick romp even in circumstances where they know they have no hope of reaching orgasm. Sometimes it's nice just to feel aroused without having to reach the magical goal of orgasm. With all your talk about sex being limited, I wonder if you may be making the whole thing into too much of a performance. It sounds as if there is always part of you sitting on the sidelines, measuring how long it is taking, how much pleasure you are both receiving, constantly worrying if you are falling short of some sexual ideal. It just doesn't work like that. The more you measure, the more you observe what is happening, the less

likely it is that you will actually experience the pleasure you are seeking.

I feel you should leave your girlfriend to explore her own pleasure instead of making her feel she has a problem. Make sure she feels comfortable about telling you if there is anything she would like you to do to increase her enjoyment, and then just let her be. She'll be fine, if you leave her alone, and eventually you may find she does learn to climax more easily. Provided she is enjoying herself, it doesn't really matter *how* she climaxes.

I think you may find that if you can learn to relax and just focus on the enjoyment you are experiencing rather than worrying



about what you may be missing, you will find you do learn to experience more pleasure at orgasm. It is actually quite rare for males to experience ejaculation without any pleasurable sensations. The American sex therapist Helen Kaplan refers to the problem as "partially retarded ejaculation". She describes it as follows: "Patients with this syndrome have normal erections. They will tell you that, after a period of stimulation and arousal, they feel a sense of release, but they experience no real orgasmic pleasure and no contractions and do not feel gratified after sex." Like women who have difficulty reaching orgasm, or find their orgasms aren't satisfying, men with this problem have to learn to let go, to release

inhibitions which are preventing them from experiencing real sexual pleasure.

Experiment with exaggerating some of the movements and sensations you experience as you become more aroused. . . breathe more rapidly, let yourself moan and groan, move around. The more you get into the experience of being aroused, the harder it will be for you to monitor your reactions. You could also try using contractions of your pelvic muscles, or applying pressure on your PG Spot, or using sexual fantasies to increase your response. But mainly what is required is a deliberate decision just to enjoy yourself — to tell yourself it *feels good* and just wallow in what you are experiencing rather than worrying about what you are not.

I have tried to purchase a book you mentioned in the March issue, Michael Castleman's Sexual Solution. As I've been unsuccessful, could you suggest where I could purchase the book by post?

—W.S., Qld.

Many people tell me it's becoming increasingly difficult to track down some of the good sex therapy books in Australia. One of the best bookshops in this country for books on sexuality is The Open Leaves Bookshop, 71 Cardigan Street, Carlton, Vic 3053, telephone (03) 347 2130. This shop also has an extensive collection of books for disabled people, including many books on sexuality and the disabled. I am sure they will be able to send it to you or order it in for you.

My boyfriend tells me that sometimes he gets this pain in his testicles when he ejaculates. He has had it for some time but he is too embarrassed to go and see anyone about it. Could you tell me what could be causing it and what he should do about it? He enjoys sex and we don't have any other problems. He's a little overweight and he does smoke but apart from that he seems to be quite healthy.

—Y.R., Vic.

There are many possible causes of painful ejaculation and in order to determine exactly what is wrong a doctor will have to examine your boyfriend. I strongly suggest you work on him to go and have a check-up. Some of the problems which cause this symptom can become more severe if left unattended. So nag him into doing something — it isn't good for him having sex knowing it is likely to end with an ouch!

The doctor will ask him when the pain occurs (whether immediately before, during, or after ejaculation) and the location of

BEAUTY AND THE BEASTS

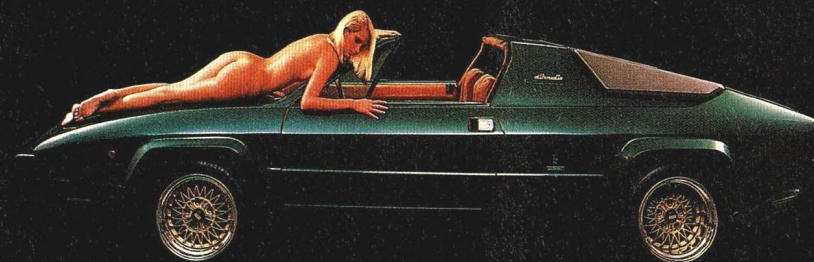
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the pain (ie just in the scrotum, or in the penile shaft, glans, the perineum etc). The most likely cause of pain is some inflammation of the prostate, seminal vesicle, or posterior urethra. Most of these problems are easily treated so there is no need for concern. Very occasionally there is a more complicated cause, such as an ejaculatory duct cyst, a blocked ejaculatory duct or a few other more serious conditions, but usually something simple is at fault and it's well worth a visit to the doctor to sort it all out.

OPENING LINES

It sounds like a joke — psychologists conducting research on opening lines to use in picking up women. Perhaps the fact that the psychologists concerned were from the University of Alaska may have something to do with it but the report in the journal *Sex Roles* details their extensive investigation of female reactions to opening lines used in a variety of circumstances, from bars and restaurants to supermarkets and laundromats. Since I am constantly bombarded with letters through this column from men seeking advice on how to pick up women, I thought it might be worth telling you a little about this crazy research.

The psychologists, Chris Kleinke, Frederick Meeker and Richard Staneski, collected a list of opening lines from male and female university students and then asked over 1800 young people, both students and university employees, to give their reactions to the various lines. The basic finding was that innocuous lines like "Hi", "My name is. . .", "That's a very pretty (sweater, dress, etc) you have on" were far preferred to the cute-flippant approach. . . "Your place or mine?" "I'm easy. Are you?" "Isn't it cold? Let's make some body heat!" Ugh! Well, if you think those are bad, here are some further examples of lines which were found to repel rather than attract. In a restaurant: "Look, I'll get to the point. Do you want to get picked up?" "I bet the cherry jubilee isn't as sweet as you are." In laundromats: "You look like you're having fun. Would you like to do my laundry too?" On the beach: "Will you save me if I drown?"

The researchers found that men were also put off when women used cute-flippant lines, eg "Hi, big boy. Why don't you come over and see me some time?" but were somewhat less offended than women by this type of approach. Still, the message for both sexes is not to come on too strong — the innocuous approach gets things started without giving the game away, an ideal start to the courtship ritual.

SEX OVER FORTY

There is an excellent little monthly newsletter called *Sex Over Forty* which is designed for mature lovers keen to keep expanding their sexual knowledge. Past issues of this lively publication have

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NEW WAVE HEROES: THE CHANGING FACE OF AUSTRALIAN SURFING.

HOW TO LIVE WITH A WOMAN: A REFORMED SLOB TELLS ALL.

discussed such crucial issues as Keeping Sex Exciting Through Mid-Life, A Simple Exercise That Can Give You Stronger Erections, How Woman Can Learn to Have Vaginal Orgasms, What You Should Know About Sex And High Blood Pressure, and Lack Of Sexual Desire In Men. The newsletter is published by PHE Inc, P.O. Box 1600, Chapel Hill, North Carolina, USA 27515.

The newsletter recently conducted a survey of complaints made by their female readers about their partners. The 10 most common complaints made by the women were:

1. "There's little or no foreplay in our lovemaking." The editors of the newsletter find women are still complaining that men start intercourse before they are aroused, lubricated and ready for action. They complain not only about lack of physical preparation but also about the lack of emotional foreplay — all the old soppy stuff that makes a woman feel wanted and desired.

2. "He's too preoccupied with genital stimulation." Women explained they see genital stimulation and intercourse as just one part of the total experience of lovemaking whereas they often find men see it as the main course, and even the whole meal. Women constantly speak of their desire for more kisses and cuddles, and more intimacy out of bed as well as in it.

3. "He's not very romantic." Perhaps it is the result of overdosing on all those romance magazines and love stories in magazines, but women are still complaining they aren't told often enough they are loved and adored, and still long for all the little gestures that show he means it. Okay, perhaps they are corny — the red roses, love notes, words of affection — but they remain sure fuel for female passion.

4. "He climaxes before I am ready." It is still one of the most common male sexual problems and a very frustrating one for women — particularly as it is a problem which is very easily treated. There are now a great many good books available to help men learn to last longer. A man can overcome this problem — if he is willing to try.

5. "He is not very creative or playful; we always have sex in the same position." Many older women complain their partners have fallen into a very boring routine approach to lovemaking and resist any attempt to liven things up a bit. And while it is true many men give up trying new ideas because they find their partners initially unreceptive, sometimes when a woman gets a little older she starts to lose some of her inhibitions and is willing to try things which would once have shocked her. Remember the word "playful" — a light-hearted, fun approach often leads on to wild and wonderful treats which you would never dare suggest in more solemn moments.

6. "There's no afterplay." There appear to

be many men who still want to roll over and go straight to sleep as soon as it's over, which is just the time when many women love to be held and cuddled with sweet, flattering nothings being whispered in their ears. . . and then you are allowed to go to sleep.

7. "He doesn't listen to what I want." Many older men were brought up to think they were the ones who had to be in charge of the action and strongly resist any attempt by their partners to influence the proceedings. Men who accept equality and allow women to take an active part are in for a far easier, more enjoyable ride.

8. "He's always in a hurry." It appears men still haven't got the message: we like a man with slow hands. Ideal sex for most women takes things slowly, gradually — it's all very relaxed and sensuous. Okay, we know it isn't always possible when you are running late for work, or rushing to get it over with before the kids walk in. We have nothing against the occasional quickie but sometimes it's nice to indulge at length.

9. "He only touches me when he wants to have sex." No, I don't think women are asking to be felt up when they are doing the dishes, or goosed when picking up the laundry — rather it's a matter of holding her hand while walking down the street, or stroking her arm in the movie theatre, rubbing her neck while watching TV, taking a little too long to rub in the suntan lotion. Get the idea?

10. "There isn't any passion in our love-making." Yes, I know the honeymoon is over but even if the sparks aren't there any more, you can still do things to stir the embers a little. A bit of planned passion goes a long way. So create lust by *reminiscing* — tell her (in bed) about the first time she turned you on, or how you felt after that first night. Or plan a surprise night in a hotel together complete with champagne, and perhaps a masseur as foreplay. The fact a husband cares enough to plan such delights is enough to rekindle even long-buried passion.

Okay, okay. I know this is only one side of the story and the editors of the *Sex Over Forty* newsletter are already planning an article describing the most common male complaints about women. I'll report the results to you but in the meantime if any readers would like to write in and tell me what women do wrong (anonymously, if you wish), I'd be delighted to include a selection of your comments in a future column.

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Bettina Arndt at the following address: c/- *Australian Playboy*, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. Bettina welcomes inquiries but regrets she can't always reply to each reader individually. 



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